BURGLARY INSURANCE. **RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW STORY.** BURGLARY INSURANCE.

365 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

P.W. COUPON Sept. 22, 1894.

No. 218.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Mild in operation and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

It is not claimed that these Pills will cure all diseases, but they have a reputation of NEARLY 100 YEARS for being WITHOUT an EQUAL as a remedy for

INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS LIVER COMPLAINTS
SICK HEADACHE DYSPEPSIA A SPLENDID TONIC & GENTLE APERIENT.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d. 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medical Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S LIMITED, 21, SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.

The FAIRY BELT

A Good Figure without Tight Lacing.

Nearly all ladies' waists are more or less oval in form, the extra width from side to side making them look larger than they really are.

The FAIRY BELT changes the form of the waist from *oval* to round, improving the curves of the figure, and making the waist look, on the average, two inches smaller, though its measurement remains actually unaltered.

Ladies who are in the habit of tight-lacing can, by wearing a FAIRY BELT, loosen their corsets

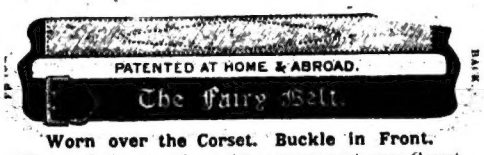
"Some necessaries that I needs must use."—*Two of Gentlemen Verona* Act II., Scene 4.

The new Song of the Shirt.

MILWARDS' NEEDLE-CASES.

Sample Packet, Wonderful Calyx-eyed, thread without threading. 3d. Post Free from Works, Washford Mills, Redditch.

Natural figure, without FAIRY BELT (from photo), waist 23 inches, but oval.



FAIRY BELT (from photo at same sitting), still 23 inches, but round.

Worn over the Corset. Buckle in Front.
When ordering mention waist measurement over Corset.
SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM, 2s. 6d. each.

S. J. SHERMAN'S Remarkable Rupture Cure.

Without Operation.

The Best Evidence of Ability is Success.

UNDENIABLE PROOF OF THE EFFICACY OF MR. S. J. SHERMAN'S TREATMENT.

"No. 10, NEW STREET, HOYLAND COMMON, NEAR BARNSLEY, YORKSHIRE.
"SEPTEMBER 4th, 1894.

"To S. J. SHERMAN, Esq.
"DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you, in what words I can find, for your splendid treatment and cure of my (right side) rupture. For over three years I suffered with it, and kept gradually going worse, although I had worn different kinds of trusses, from which I never received any comfort. It is now six months since I first went under your treatment, and I am pleased to say that I have kept steadily growing better until I find that I am as well again as ever I was before the rupture made its appearance. My occupation as a coal miner is very heavy work, but I find that your special appliance is capable of keeping in its proper place, no matter what position you want to work in—in fact, it is as comfortable almost as if you had not one to wear. So again I thank you very much for the much-needed benefit that I have received from your treatment, and I shall only be too glad to recommend your treatment to all who may apply to me.
"Gratefully,
"MR. JOSHUA BANACLOUGH."

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.

"MARKET STREET, HYDE,
"SEPTEMBER, 5th, 1894.

"Mr. S. J. SHERMAN.
"DEAR SIR,—For the benefit of those who suffer from Hernia, I wish to add my testimony to your skill. Having suffered for many years from a very large right scrotal hernia, I upon the advice of my doctors consulted an expert, Dr. Southam, of Manchester, who informed me that it was impossible to reduce it without an operation. As I was unwilling to take this risk I came to you and placed myself under treatment, and, after three weeks, I am happy to say that you completely reduced my hernia, and placed on your appliance, since when I have not seen the hernia, or experienced any pain or inconvenience therefrom, and I am hoping that before long I shall be able to dispense with the appliance also.
Gratefully yours,
"H. TWEEDALE."

HIS NEW BOOK ON RUPTURE

AND THE EVIL OF TRUSSES, containing numerous English endorsements of persons of all positions who have been relieved and restored to a state of primitive soundness by his treatment, he sends post free on receipt of **7D. IN STAMPS.**

The afflicted are respectfully requested to call upon or communicate by letter with any of the patients treated and cured by Mr. S. J. SHERMAN, whose NAMES and ADDRESSES are GIVEN IN EVERY INSTANCE, and learn for themselves THE TRUTH OF EVERY TESTIMONIAL PUBLISHED in HIS BOOK.

WE STRONGLY ADVISE SUFFERERS to send to Mr. S. J. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, for his NEW BOOK, as it is no less true than joyful tidings to the ruptured.

His Principal Chambers: **64, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.**

Branch Chambers: **26, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.**

ATTENDANCE given in LONDON: Sept. 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. MANCHESTER: Sept. 7, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 1894.

N.B.—Please note name in full S. J. SHERMAN (S. J.) *also that my London Chambers are on the First Floor, Upstairs, above the Entrance.*

THE ORIGINAL "S. J." SHERMAN, HERNIA SPECIALIST.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, 2, RED LION COURT, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta St., W.C.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS

DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD AT LESS THAN HALF ORDINARY PRICES.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED.

The most remarkable of all the Costumes that have ever been produced is the one illustrated to the left of this page, and which John Noble, Ltd. now introduce to their clients as being undoubtedly the most popular style of the season, and one that will be generally adopted as

A LADY'S HOLIDAY SUIT 15/-

These Suits are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.) in Navy Blue or Black. Also in fashionable Grey or Drab Homespun Mixtures, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket—stylishly cut, beautifully made with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a bell-shaped costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. A shaped belt from the inside draws the coat in at the back of the waist, and shows itself in front over the blouse or bodice. This is a decided advantage, as it keeps the jacket fitted closely to the figure, whilst still remaining open in front. These two garments, viz.,

JACKET AND SKIRT COMPLETE

form at once a smart, stylish, and yet most useful outfit for wearing with a blouse or cambric shirt, and are offered direct by the sole manufacturers (John Noble, Ltd.) for the amazingly low price of 15/-. Ladies are asked to consider what this means: A really well-made, fashionable outfit that any lady might be pleased to wear, made without the slightest approach to sweating, and yet supplied complete

FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

This is surely value that will please every purchaser. Every garment is made in the firm's large, airy, and perfectly appointed workrooms, and can with confidence be recommended to the notice of every lady in the land.

The Jacket alone is worth more money, and there is not the least room for a doubt that thousands and thousands of Ladies will enjoy their holidays and walking tours the better for the knowledge that their holiday outfit costs so little, and yet looks and wears so well.

When ordering please state measurement across back from shoulder to shoulder, also length from neck to waist at back. Each suit is packed in strong leather board box, and sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom for 9d extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38in. round bust under arms, but larger or special sizes are made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

THE HOLIDAY SUIT COMPLETE
Can also be supplied at the same price in the fashionable Navy or Drab Twill Drill, a most durable and satisfactory fabric for summer wear. Price 15/-. Carriage, 9d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

LATEST IMPROVED SHAPE.

These Costumes are MADE FROM THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.), a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame, and supplied complete, as illustration, for the ridiculously low price of 10/6 each. Packed in stout leather board box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Reseda, Tan, Ruby, Grey, or Drab.

THIS SKETCH illustrates the latest improvements that have been made in the Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, which now consists of extra Wide Bell Skirt and improved Blouse Bodice. The whole Costume is well made and finished, the Bodice being pleated back and front, with full fashionable sleeves, bound seams, and belt attached; the saddle and sleeves are well lined, and it can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which measures 40in. long. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar, and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Russia Braid, the whole thus forming

A LADY'S COMPLETE COSTUME FOR 10/6

These HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES are supplied in the following four fabrics, as sketch on this page, and they are most wonderful value:—
IN THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE. Colours as above-mentioned. Price 10/6 complete. IN BROWN LINEN HOLLAND. A pure linen fabric. Price 10/6 complete. IN THE JOHN NOBLE HABIT CLOTH. A lighter weight fabric than the Serge. Colours as above-mentioned. Price 10/6 complete. AND IN NAVY OR DRAB TWILL DRILL, very fashionable for present wear. Price 10/6 complete.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38in. round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.
Each Costume packed in stout leather board box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS are supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge as follows: **Costume Skirts**, extra wide Bell shape, untrimmed, price only 5/6; **Costume Skirts**, extra wide Bell Shape, trimmed, broad cross-band of black velvet, price only 7/6; **Costume Skirts**, extra wide Bell shape, trimmed two rows military braid, price only 8/6. Each Skirt packed in Box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. **Colours**: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan.

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS

FROM 1/6 EACH.

Are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt, and pocket, at the following low prices:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45 inches.
Price	1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/-	4/6	5/-	5/6 each.

Or frock will be sent post free to any address for 4½d. extra. **Every purchaser delighted.** The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.
The Knockabout Frocks are also supplied in Brown Linen Holland at the same prices.

THE JOHN NOBLE MODEL COSTUME For Young Misses.

A new style, recently designed by John Noble, Ltd., for present season's wear. The Costume is made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and consists of stylish Blouse Bodice and extra wide skirt. The bodice is made with prettily gathered front, full, fashionable sleeves, shaped belt, and fastened up the back. The skirt is made in two sizes—viz., 33in. or 36in. long, and is trimmed with four rows of narrow black Russia braid; the cuffs, collar, and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly. **Colours**: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan. Price for the complete Costume only 8/9. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. When ordering please state whether skirt is required 33 or 36 inches long.

8/9

GIRL'S REEFER OUTFITS,

As illustration, Model 2. Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge; colours, Navy Blue and Black only. This style has proved one of the most successful ever introduced for Girls' wear, and consists of a double-breasted Reefer Jacket, very correctly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round kilted skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of narrow white Braid. This smart, useful, and decidedly cheap outfit is highly recommended for present wear, as the dress and jacket can be worn together or separately. See sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36 ins.
Price	6/6	7/6	9/-	10/9	12/6	14/6

Model 2.

Packed in neat Cardboard Box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

GIRL'S VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.

Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is made in a wide loose-fitting style, and prettily trimmed with a deep cross-band of black velvet; the saddle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same, the whole thus forming a very graceful little Costume. **Colours**: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan. Sizes and prices as follows:—

FROM **2/9** EACH.

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33 ins.
Price	2/9	3/9	4/9	5/9	6/9

Lengths	36	39	42	45 ins.
Price	7/9	8/9	9/9	10/9

Model 64.
From 2/9 each.

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

*** The Young Misses' Costume is also supplied in Drab Linen Holland, trimmed white Russia braid, at the same price.

PATTERNS of the materials in which the above Costumes are made, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge," and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear, sent POST FREE to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on application. *Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Ounliffes, Brookes & Co." and made Payable to John Noble, Ltd., Manchester.*

NOBLE'S NOVELTIES IN DRESS FABRICS

New and exclusive designs, fabrics, and colourings specially produced for wear during the Autumn. Hundreds of Novel and artistic effects in silk, wool, and cotton, at prices ranging from 4½d. to 4s. 6d. the yard. Large Box, containing over 1,000 New Patterns, sent Post Free on approval to any address. Every Lady who would dress well at the smallest cost should certainly see these patterns, and, when writing, ask for a *Large Box.*

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

All the Designs, &c., in this Advertisement are Copyright, and entered at Stationers' Hall.

"THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR." Mr. Griffith's New Story, just commenced in *SHORT STORIES.*

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 218.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 22, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SECRET OF THE PALAZZO.

MIDNIGHT: The sweet Saint Agnes' chimes are pealing—
Silence is o'er the old palazzo stealing:
Down the great marble staircase, softly, still,
A maiden creeps, with many a pause and thrill.
The moonbeams fall upon her fair young face—
Around her form of girlish, slender grace;
They softly touch her crown of braided hair,
Showing a snow-white rose entwined there.

To-night, by stealth, she weds her father's foe—
Filippo Cardi! See her dark eyes glow!
Ah, she has paused! Fair as a dream she stands,
Clutching the polished rail with shaking hands;
Heard she aright? Was there a step below?
Upon her cheeks the roses come and go.
'Twas but the wind! Her lips part in a smile—
In sweet relief her dark eyes shine the while.

She gains the hall—'tis silent as a tomb!
A muffled form springs from within the gloom
And holds her fast. Strike, struggle as she may,
From that strong grasp she cannot break away.
One arm enfolds her—then across the wall
The fingers of the other hand swift crawl:
They pause—a massive panel rolls aside;
Showing a mighty chamber, dark and wide.

A cry rings out: "Filippo mio, aid!"
But o'er her mouth a heavy hand is laid;
Those tireless arms have thrust her quickly in—
The door glides to, and holds her fast within.
Buried alive! Between those walls of rock
No sound can pierce—the gibing echoes mock.
She beats with bleeding hand upon the door;
At last, unconscious, sinks upon the floor.

Adelaide's cry was heard by him
Who patient waited in the garden dim:
With eager hands he flung the portals wide,
And strode across the hall to aid his bride;
There is a crash of swords, a glare of steel—
Forward and back two struggling figures wheel:
Then comes a pause—Filippo stands alone,
The other on the shining floor lies prone.

A sudden burst of moonlight fills the hall,
Upon the wounded man the faint rays fall—
Filippo starts, his face pales suddenly;
"Thou!" he cries out, "thy daughter, where is she?"
The other's white lips move, but make no sound:
His eyes upon the shining wall are bound—
The moonbeams fade, then with gained brilliance shed
Their silver light upon the voiceless dead.

* * * * *

Long years have fled! The old palazzo stands—
It guards its secret dead with jealous hands;
For Cardi sought in vain, no trace was found
Of her round whom his deathless love was bound.
Only the ear of God, that heareth all,
Could mark her wild appeal and frenzied call:
Until at last, like harbingers of peace,
Death's angels came and gave her soul release.

PERSONAL NAVAL TACTICS.

IN discoursing on naval tactics, Admiral Sir Edmund Freemantle relates an anecdote which is in good illustration of what may be described as purely personal "naval tactics."

It is the story of a Yankee, who was giving his experience of what had happened in the American Civil War. He had been in command of a turret ship.

A lady said to him: "Oh, no doubt you always were inside the turret."

"No, ma'am," he replied, "I was not inside the turret."

"Oh, really," she inquired of him, "then where did you get to?"

"Well," was the reply, "we were generally attacking forts, and I got to the lee side of the turret, so as to have two thicknesses of armour to protect me instead of one."

A POSER.

THE long-haired caller in the editorial room was indignant.

"Poets are born, sir," he said to the eminently practical editor.

"Of course they are," responded the editor suavely. "You didn't imagine I thought they were hatched?"

"I mean, sir, they are born; born, sir. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," and the editor rubbed his chin reflectively. "But why are they?"

That was the last straw that fractured the spinal column of the camel, and the poet stalked out of the editorial den.

CHINESE DARWINIANS.

ACCORDING to the Chinese way of viewing the matter, the rocks of the earth are the bones of the divine body; the soil is the flesh, the metals the nerves and veins. The tides, winds, rains, clouds, as well as frost and dew, are caused by the respiration, pulsations, exhalations, &c., of this seemingly inanimate body.

Originally, according to their idea, the mountains rose to the skies, and the waters of the seas and oceans covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was no life in the divine body except the divine life. By degrees the waters subsided and small herbs began to grow, and in the lapse of immense cycles of time these herbs developed into strong shrubs and trees.

As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures always developing from the lesser. In the course of untold ages beetles became turtles, earth-worms became serpents, and high-flying insects became birds.

Mice developed into wild cats, and the wild cats into tigers; the mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes were finally born hairless. A hairless ape, playing with two flints, accidentally kindled a fire by striking them together. With the fire thus obtained he cooked food, and the eating of food thus prepared made him stronger and more intellectual than his fellow ape.

NO DANGER.

THE Parisians are so fond of a joke that they manage to extract amusement even out of the shocking attempts of Anarchists to destroy life with dynamite bombs. Most of these dynamite jokes are in rather poor taste; but one unintended pleasantry is related which is really amusing.

Not long ago the city of Paris issued a loan, and the bonds were immediately subscribed for by a large number of people in Paris, many of them working-men and women, who were glad to put their savings into an interest-bearing bond.

One hard-working fellow in a blouse wished to subscribe. He looked at the long line of people waiting for their turn to pass in their subscriptions, and made up his mind that it would take him all day to get to the window.

"I must have something to eat," he said.

So he went and procured a good-sized box of sardines, put them in his pocket, and took his place at the end of the line. There was a great crowd ahead of him, and all round him.

He waited patiently, and at last twelve o'clock sounded on the bells.

"Noon!" he said. "Why I must get out my box."

Then he took the sardine box out of his pocket, and got his big pocket-knife to open it with, when all at once there was a great rush away from him, and in a minute the hall was clear of people.

"Upon my soul!" he said. "What's the matter with them? Well, I'll go up and get my bonds."

So he stepped up to the window and bought his bonds. The people had taken him for an Anarchist with a bomb; but as the gendarme could find on his person no machinery more deadly than a box of sardines, he went home to *déjeuner* with his fish and his bonds, and saved the rest of the day.

To the Very Many Readers of P.W., Greeting.

THE regular readers of this paper will have been in a degree prepared, by certain hints which were let fall last week, for the very interesting announcement which I am now enabled to make.

On Friday, September 28th (for October 1st) will be issued from these offices the first number of a new publication of an entirely fresh character, under the guidance of the Editor of *P.W.* It will take the form of a complete novel of 100 pages, profusely illustrated, and printed in the best style on good paper, with a charming cover printed in several colours—all for the marvellously cheap price of sixpence.

These novels will be issued complete—I would especially draw the attention of readers to the fact that each number will be complete in itself—on the 1st of each month, under the general heading of

PEARSON'S LIBRARY.

They will be the carefully-selected writings of first-rate authors, and the illustrating work will be in the hands of our leading black-and-white artists.

Over one hundred illustrations will be found in the pages of the first novel, which is entitled

"A Girl Without a Name,"

and is illustrated by Miss Inez Warry, whose excellent work is familiar to the readers of HOME NOTES. It includes, too, a charming frontispiece by Miss G. Demain Hammond, well known as a contributor to the foremost artistic journals of the day.

Amongst other artists who have been engaged for future issues are Miss Chris Hammond, Messrs. Raymond Potter, Bernard Higham, and A. Kemp Tebby.

A most artistic design has been obtained for the cover of PEARSON'S LIBRARY, which, while preserving its general appearance from month to month, will still be changed in a sufficiently characteristic manner with each succeeding novel. A rough reproduction of the cover of the first novel will be found in the next issue of *P.W.*, which will serve the purpose of familiarising our readers with the appearance of *P.L.* on the Bookstalls.

Sufficient, I think, has been said to convince you that no pains or expense have been spared to produce a thoroughly artistic sixpennyworth of very interesting reading matter. On the subject of the first novel itself, it will hardly be fair to say more than that "A Girl Without a Name" is a story of intense dramatic interest, with a strong vein of mystery which is well preserved till the closing chapters.

The succeeding stories will be as interesting and as profusely illustrated as the first one, and I feel confident that PEARSON'S LIBRARY will not be long in winning its way to popular favour and realising that large sale, the expectation of which has alone justified me in entering upon the enormous outlay involved.

Place your order at once to prevent disappointment.

THE BITE OF THE PICHU-GUATE.

CERTAINLY Claudio was tired, and it took a deal to tire this big, rough-headed young Mexican. But it was not to be wondered at after his morning's work. The lambs in his barn were now five days old, and at that age a New Mexican lamb is smart enough in body and impish enough in mind to upset the most patient-minded man.

Then the mothers, whose age might have been expected to give them discretion, were as crazy as the lambs. To add to the worry, the snakes were beginning to come out of their winter nap.

The opening of May at the 8,000 feet altitude of San Miguel is rather early for these long sleepers; but the spring was unusually warm, and though none had been seen, yet there was no doubting their presence. The hungry sheep were wild for the tender blades of grass that began to show about the mouths of the prairie dogs' burrows, and nowhere else.

But in some burrows were other tenants than prairie dogs lying in the sunny mouths of the holes, and savagely resentful of interruption. Already that day Claudio had found three dead ewes, lying close beside a burrow, fearfully swollen, and upon the nose of each were two tiny black marks such as one might make with a tattooing needle.

Late in the afternoon the ewes, with a chorus of strange whistles, went tearing and galloping over the hillside and disappeared over the brow of the ridge, as if the very wolves were after them.

Claudio started in pursuit, but the lambs hung at his heels, in spite of a bombardment of words and pebbles that he directed at them, and whenever he paused they pranced up to him and snuggled against his legs, and dropped contentedly at his very feet.

Pulling off his coat, Claudio swung it vigorously about him to clear a space, leaped over the backs of a few loiterers, and went running up the slope at a pace it was a wonder to see.

The coat dropped from his hand as he jumped a gully, and as the lambs came stumbling along several tripped on it, and finding it warm promptly sprawled upon their knees and began to nurse at whatever rag or tag they first found. And the others, fancying that they were being robbed of their dinner, crowded and jostled about, butting, falling down, and clambering over one another.

Claudio might have laughed at the sight; but when he came back, fifteen minutes later, he saw about the coat only a lot of little white patches, smeared with blood. Here and there a lamb was to be seen, wandering disconsolately about or fallen exhausted over a shrub. And over the further hillside was just disappearing a big dark shambling figure with two white objects shining on it.

It was all plain enough. The ewes, scenting the bear from afar as he sneaked through the woods, had fled incontinently; for the actual presence of no other wild beast so terrifies sheep as the mere smell of a bear. And taking advantage of Claudio's brief absence, Bruin had sallied from the junipers, played havoc among the lambs (which were too stupid to fear even him), and was now making off with a couple "for future reference."

The bear, like bears always, was only anxious to get away, if he decently could, and ran his best. Ordinarily that would have been far better than Claudio's best—or a very fair horse's best, for that matter. But greediness is costly, even for bears. The lamb in his mouth was no handicap whatever; and having eaten two or three besides, he might have been contented with that.

But the one he persisted in carrying hugged under his forearm did seriously impede him. Even then, in the long run, he was more than a match for his pursuer. When Claudio came in full view of him and only a hundred yards behind, he whipped from his belt the revolver he carried in lieu of a rifle.

"Throwing down" in the swift, instinctive motion of those who really know how to use a revolver, and never stop to ask whether it has sights or not, he sent a leaden proxy running for him. It was a good shot, tired and out of breath as he was, the kind of shooting one has to learn on the frontier, and cannot learn in a gallery.

The bear turned a complete somersault; and gathering itself again, began biting viciously at its rump.

Claudio had not stopped at all; but now, when he was within thirty yards, he halted and watched for the brute to give him a shot at a vital part. But at that very instant the bear, with a snuffle of rage, wheeled and came galloping at his late pursuer.

Claudio sent a square shot at the skull—not by any means under the impression that he could bore that sloping forehead, but hoping the rap might startle the beast into rising, so that he could get a chance at the throat, the best of all shots at a bear. But the heavy ball merely ploughed a red furrow up the skull, and the bear came lurching on. It was worse than useless to run. Slender as was the chance of life now, it all lay in standing firm.

When it was within six feet, the huge brute reared upon his haunches, and, springing back a step, Claudio was bringing down his weapon like lightning to "let go" when it should be on a level with that mighty throat, now fully exposed. But the bear was no innocent; and, cleverly judged as was Claudio's move, he had met his match in quick wit. Even the sweep of his swift arm was slow beside the flash of that great paw as it swooped far forward, met his descending hand with a calculation an Indian eye might have envied, and sent the heavy revolver spinning forty feet, going off as it flew. And in another instant the shepherd was on his back, and the bear upon him.

The great claws had struck only the revolver, and Claudio's hand was unhurt, save where the violent wrenching of the trigger had cut and twisted his fingers; and instinctively he gripped deep in the thick fur where his hands first lighted. Neither had he been hurt by the fall, for here was soft grey sand—which a little relieved, too, the fearful pressure upon his legs. But none of these things comforted Claudio; and he fought only as a man fights blindly to the end. His last faint hope had gone when the revolver went whirling far beyond his reach.

The bear, which had gone to bed in his cave in the canyon of Acebache, rolling fat, in November, had but a few days ago come forth from that long nap, the shadow of his proper self. His long heavy fur was sadly rusty, and his huge frame lean as a rail. He had been interrupted in the first square meal he had enjoyed in five months, and from that long fast came two strange results.

One was, that he was not half himself in strength, and that the powerful young Mexican was, therefore, something more than a puppet in his paws.

Of the end, certainly, there could be no doubt; but meantime Claudio wrestled mightily, and even succeeded in struggling to his feet hugging close, to give those paws no chance for one of the swipes that would make an egg-shell of his head. His face he snuggled into the bear's chest, and so kept clear of the dripping jaws. And despite the fearful pressure under which his ribs creaked and sprung, he hunched and tugged and swayed blindly and desperately, as if he were wrestling with some tall man whom he might hope to pitch at last. But it was not for long.

Finding these close quarters unsatisfactory, the bear brought up its muscular arm, and clapping its paw upon Claudio's mat of hair, forced his head resistlessly back. The great claws were buried in his scalp, and little streams of red spurted out. The bear's left arm was round his waist, while the right was giving him the "break hold" as scientifically as any wrestler could have done.

And now a villainous, warm breath came sickening in his face, and he could see the red jaws and white teeth within six inches. He even noticed, with that strange inconsequence which comes upon one in these moments, that blood from the scalp wound had run down and tinged the froth which dripped from that great mouth.

In a frenzy of terror he made a clutch under the throat, to hold back that terrible head, and the strongest man could scarce have bent against Claudio's desperate arms; but the big jaws, working grimly, drew nearer. A deadly faintness began to spread over him, and Claudio shut his eyes.

Just then a sudden jerk ran through the body of the bear, and there was a sharp snort as of rage or pain. Claudio opened his eyes. He could see nothing but the demoniac face, but in it he fancied there was a new expression. Then there was a sickening movement of the great claws which had sunk deep into his back and scalp. Surely they were relaxing!

Their withdrawal was far more painful than their entrance had been; but even with the faintness of the new pain, a sudden wave of joy swept through the shepherd—for the first time, now, he hoped, though he knew not why.

He shook his head savagely to clear the blood which streamed down over his eyes (the paw had dropped from his scalp), and dug his fists into the deep furred throat, and fought with the strength of two Claudios—fighting no longer as a dying rat fights, but like a man for hope of life.

Then a very wonderful thing befel. The bear was groaning and panting heavily; and suddenly it lurched and fell to the ground, carrying Claudio with it. But it was no longer trying to get his head between its jaws. For a moment it lay upon him, writhing and grinding its teeth, and then flung itself to one side biting up a great mouthful of sand.

Claudio leaped to his feet, ran to his revolver, and fell upon it, crying like a child. It was ten minutes before he could get up, for loss of blood—and, more than all, the frightful strain—had left him limp as a rag. At last he staggered to his feet, clutching the weapon, and walked unsteadily towards the bear.

Laying down his revolver he caught the heavy fur of the rump, to turn the bear over. Ordinarily he would have succeeded. Four hundredweight is no fool of a lump, but Claudio, as you have seen, was an uncommonly powerful young man. Now, however, worn out with his fearful struggle, and with nerves so unstrung that he trembled all over, it was too much for him.

Still the mystery would not let him rest; and hunching his shoulder against the bear's back, he ran his hand under, feeling for the wound. He groped and groped, but suddenly in a hollow felt the touch of something very different from fur or sand, and in the same instant an inconceivable pang. And when he jerked his arm away a tiny snake less than a foot long, grey-backed and coppery on the stomach, was hanging from his thumb.

The last vestige of colour faded from the brown face and left it as grey as ashes between the drying streaks of blood—for Claudio knew the pichu-guate, the only real asp in the New World, the deadliest snake in North America.

So he had escaped the bear only to die by this tiny foe—for never yet had one been known to recover from the bite of the pichu-guate. A rattlesnake was nothing; but this, well, see what it had done for such a monster as the bear, and in the space of less than a minute!

Evidently, in their struggle, Bruin had stepped too close to this unsuspecting danger—that great lump on his hind leg explained all. Had he carried his usual coat of fat, the venom would have taken far longer to operate, and he would have had abundant time to settle accounts with Claudio. But he no longer looked gaunt. He was still swelling—already he looked fat, as if July were here.

Claudio was reeling. Fearful pains shot up his arm and went forking through his body. Upon the thumb were only two black dots, right at the tip, but the hand in these five seconds had become double its size. If he could only cut it off! But alas! his knife was in his coat—and before he could get half-way to that he would be a dead shepherd.

All this had taken not so long as it has for you to read it—nay, scarce the time in which one might spell the longest word in it; for in these crises things and thoughts move swiftly, and one lives fast.

Claudio was still squeezing his thumb and crying aloud for a knife, when his eye lit on the revolver. Quick as a flash he sprang and caught it up and cocked it. There was just one cartridge left!

His nerves were steady now. He held his hand arm's-length before him, the wounded thumb erect, drew the revolver back right up to his eye, that the ball might not mangle too much, and thus stop the blood, which must flow; and with a hand as firm as if it had been carved of stone, pulled the trigger.

There was a dull, numb sensation, hardly a pain in all that side, and when the smoke cleared from his eyes, his right hand was black and bleeding. The thumb was gone clean at the lower joint.

There is one man in New Mexico who has been bitten by the pichu-guate and lives to tell of it—a tall, powerful, good-natured shepherd, with four grim grey furrows in his hair, and the thumb of the right hand missing. But Claudio seems rather proud of these disfigurements, and often says:

"Who talks of bargains? For so cheaply I bought my life twice in one hour."

A CANARY TO SING OPERA.

THE piping bullfinch is much valued, and frequently sells for a high figure—from £5 to £10 being no unusual price to pay for one of these pretty songsters; but it is not generally known that the canary may be taught a variety of notes very quickly, and that its vocal powers are by no means confined to its own more natural song.

There are three distinct ways in which this bird may receive a musical education. He may be taught to sing tunes and opera airs, as is generally done with the bullfinch; or, secondly, he may be instructed in the notes of another bird, as a lark or a robin; or, thirdly, his capacity may be developed, his powers of voice cultivated, and his song remain the canary song through all.

The learning time in a canary's life is from five to six months old to a year, and the owner of one of these little birds must make choice of methods and begin in time.

In the first place he must see that his pupil is in robust health and good spirits.

A seed diet gives the muscles compactness, therefore seeds should not be the principal diet until he "graduates," but a soft food of hard-boiled egg, grated with cracker or bread, and boiled in milk to the consistency of stiff paste.

If he is to sing "Annie Laurie" or "The Last Rose of Summer," he must be placed in a quiet room with the cage covered. Then a few notes of the chosen air should be whistled or played on some instrument—flute, bird organ, or piano. They must be played slowly and distinctly, in correct time, and over and over till the bird begins to try it himself. He must not see the teacher nor hear the least noise to distract his attention from the notes so constantly repeated. The instructor may have to spend hours, it may be days, before the bird learns his lesson, but he must persist in reiterating those few notes and no others till the pupil repeats them. When he sings his notes he should be rewarded with something he likes; for one a bit of food, for another a little praise.

No matter how well the bird has learned his artificial song he will forget it the first time he moults, unless it is carefully repeated to him every day while moulting.

If the bird's owner wishes the canary to sing like a lark or robin, he must put him under native instruction. Place the cage, covered closely, in a room alone with another bird of the kind desired, whose cage is in a light, sunny window. The lark or other bird sings for his own pleasure, and the canary in his darkened cage learns to imitate it.

The third method, and the most natural, is to have the young bird trained by a fine singer of his own family—a canary—and all that is needful to do is to keep the young one during the learning period in the room with the fine singer alone, when he will imitate the songster so far as his powers allow.

MRS. EARLYBIRD: "This is a pretty state of things. Here I have to get up at three o'clock in the morning to let you in."

Mr. Earlybird: "All on your account, my dear. I read in a paper the other day that nothing improves a woman's complexion so much as early rising."

"YES," boasted an Englishman in the West, "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side of the family, and Plantagenet blood from my father's." "Is that so," said a citizen. "My blood is a little mixed too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot, an' my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Shake!"

WHEN a certain well-known comedian was "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any public place, save the kirk, asked him if he would oblige him with a "pass for the playhoose." This favour was readily granted, and the "gude man" donned his best black suit, and witnessed the comedian's two greatest humourous impersonations.

Meeting his landlord the next morning, the comedian asked how he liked the performance. "Well," said the Scotsman, "it pleased me vara much, ye ken, and I conseder you played unco' naturally, but heigh, mon, it wa' a hard matter to keep frae laughing."

Tell your friends all about *Pearson's Library*, so that they will not be behindhand in the rush for copies of the first issue, on Friday, Sept. 28.

WHAT THE VERY RICH SPEND.

No. 1.

IN order to ascertain exactly how the very wealthy spend their money, I have devoted a lot of time during the past few weeks to interviewing the principal London tradesmen, who have shown me how very easy it is to dispose of an income of £100,000 a year or so in an apparently rational manner. For the purposes of illustration, let us select as a subject a man who is both a millionaire and an aristocrat, a person with costly habits and sportively inclined, whose wife is, if not already one of the leaders of society, at any rate anxious to shine in that exalted sphere. The authentic facts which I shall give will show clearly the amount of money a man is compelled to spend if he desires to walk in the very highest paths of Society, and to pose as an individual of wealth.

First of all, for the purpose of acquiring a reputation for hospitality and grandeur—the passports to Society—is the matter of house and furniture, well nigh the most costly items in the programme of a man whose aims and ambitions are centred in Society. A man can easily spend half a million sterling in furniture alone. This, indeed, is the sum Lord Rothschild has expended on his house at Hyde Park Corner. The decorations alone in Mrs. Mackay's residence in Carlton House Terrace cost £80,000, while £30,000 was spent on the celebrated marble hall. Colonel North's mansion at Eltham cost him £750,000. These figures will show what running a Society house really means.

A visit to Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall, enlightened me as to prices paid for furniture. This firm appeals almost entirely to the very rich, and does not cater to the great middle class at all. It frequently has an order to furnish a house in London at a cost of £50,000, and for the gorgeous decoration of a single room—walls and ceiling only, it should be observed—in Louis XVI. style, the price they charge is £1,000. To adequately furnish a room of this description £3,000 would be the price—or £4,000 in all for one small room; and this is often expended.

A week or two previous to my call, the same firm sold a modern cabinet for £1,000, and for the few pieces of Dresden china that it contained £2,000 was paid. The bedrooms of the wealthy, too, are incredibly costly, and Messrs. Hampton are periodically called upon to put £1,000 worth of furniture in a single bed-chamber.

There is really no limit to the price some men will pay for furniture. A table was bought at Exeter recently for twenty-two guineas by a dealer, who sold it to a Bond-street man in the same trade for £1,800. It was subsequently purchased by M. Josse, of Paris, for 4,000 guineas. The value of, and prices paid for, tapestry are almost incalculable. The most costly is that of the period of Louis XVI. Two pieces of this material, measuring nine feet by fifteen feet, recently found a purchaser at the staggering price of £12,000. A quarter of a yard of some tapestry occupies a year in execution. A clock also was sold the other day for £2,000. It is Lord Rothschild, however, who has paid the highest price on record for a timepiece. It was one made by Louis XVI. himself, and the great financier coveted it so much that he gave £33,600 for it.

Perhaps the most costly article of furniture is the piano, concerning which I received much interesting information from Mr. Daniel Mayer, managing director of Messrs. Erard, who lately supplied Madame Anchorena, of Buenos Ayres, with a most exquisitely carved piano, costing no less a sum than £3,250. The Queen of Portugal also purchased an instrument at this house for £3,000; while amongst other notable pianos manufactured by this firm was one, made chiefly of ivory, for the Hon. Mrs. Brassey for £2,500; and another of solid ebony for Mrs. Henry Brassey, the price of which was £2,600.

The finest pianos are all painted by eminent artists. Messrs. Erard have a regular sale for pianos at a thousand guineas apiece. They are all made of satin wood, and exquisitely painted; sixteen different coats of varnish are put over the paintings to preserve them.

Almost as much as a magnificent house and furniture, a person who wishes to shine as a man of wealth and blood needs a wife, and she must be an expensive one; and, if she be the possessor of beauty thrown in, so much the better. She will thus be doing a service to Trade and founding a Society family, the chief requisite of which is the dissemination of the knowledge far and wide that it is a wealthy one.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a woman cannot exist in Society unless she dresses well, but the prices that a Society lady really pays for her garments are not generally known. Mr. Fenwick, Bond-street, is my authority—and there is none better qualified to speak—for much of what I have to say relating to frocks.

A society lady will often spend 300 guineas on a presentation dress, but the actual dress is, more often than not, only valued at fifty guineas, the remaining 250 guineas going towards the lace flouncing.

The Empress of Russia, who has the reputation of being the best dressed woman in the world, recently paid £2,000 for a single dress in Paris. The embroidery, which was of real gold on velvet, alone cost £640. The train was edged with real Russian sables, and it took fifty skins to go round. An accurate idea of the value of the train will be gleaned when I mention that a single Russian sable, measuring only ten inches, costs £40.

As regards trousseaux, the present Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had, on her wedding, enough unmade material to stock a draper's shop. The bridal dress of the young Princess of Pless cost £1,000, while a certain railway director paid the same huge sum the other day for his daughter's bridal dress. An American lady, who was married recently, paid £20 apiece for the jewelled buttons on her wedding dress.

Ladies moving in the highest society, if they want to have any standing at all in the giddy world of Society, are bound to have so many dresses that they never really know the extent of their wardrobes. There are several ladies in London whose annual expenditure on dresses exceeds £6,000.

In some walks of Society it is an unwritten law that no dress shall be worn twice. A certain wealthy American lady gave an order recently to a Parisian firm for no fewer than forty dresses averaging £60 each, and another Parisian firm has a standing order to supply the Empress of Japan with £4,000 worth of clothes every year. Every lady remembers that dresses made of broadtail were all the rage a year or two ago. Well, broadtail is the wool of the new born lamb, and the best dresses of this material cost 100 guineas.

Extraordinarily high as these prices are, sealskins and furs are far more expensive, as I learned from Mr. Jay, the proprietor of the International Fur Store, who brought out for my inspection a cape in the process of making, the price of which was £2,000. It had solid gold clasps and was ordered by a London lady. The trade in furs will be generally understood when I state that in this one establishment there are sealskins the total value of which is £80,000.

A circular cloak made of the silver fox was shown me. Its value was £1,500. Orders for jackets made of the silver haired sea otter at £450 each are of frequent occurrence, while wealthy men think nothing of paying £350 for a coat which can as easily as winking be carried off by any club or railway thief. Lion skins, £250 each, are often bought to be used as drawing-room rugs, and £100 for a carriage rug need cause no astonishment.

(*More of this next week.*)

HOW TO JUDGE MUSIC.

THERE is a very simple method by which even the greatest sceptic may ascertain whether a piece of music is good, bad, or indifferent. It is as follows:

If the music goes "one, two, three, hop, hop, hop," or "one, two, three, rum, tum, tum," you may depend upon it that you are listening to unmitigated rubbish. But when you hear music which sounds as though a number of well-arranged notes were stuck into a barrel and energetically stirred about like a sort of harmonious oatmeal porridge, then you may assume that it is a fugue, and at once compose your features into an expression of profound interest.

If, on listening to the music, you fancy the notes are dropping accidentally on the floor, and from time to time asserting themselves again in a quiet, dreamy sort of way, then the piece is probably a nocturne, and nocturnes, as you are aware, are very high-class music indeed.

When the notes seem to arrive in truck loads, and each truck contains, so to speak, a different sort from the one that has gone before, and when the train appears to take an unreasonable amount of time in passing a given point, then the masterpiece is most likely a symphony, and symphonies are the greatest musical creation hitherto produced.

When it appears as though the notes had been tumbled down helter-skelter, then vigorously shovelled up into a heap, and lastly blown into the air with dynamite cartridges—that is a rhapsody, and rhapsodies are the latest variety of music out.

SHE (sternly): "What was that noise I heard in the hall early this morning when you came in?" He (hastily): "It must have been the day breaking, my darling."

". . . I'M so happy," she said. . . . "Ever since my engagement to Charlie the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic London, but in——" "Lapland," suggested the small brother.

MRS. TIDEY: "I never knew till I married Arthur how much a full beard lightens the duties of a housekeeper."

Visitor: "Why, what has a full beard to do with housekeeping, Laura?"

Mrs. Tidey: "It makes such a nice crumb-catcher."

HE was a hard-working and zealous school teacher, and had just told the class that wool comes off sheep, and is made into blankets, clothing, &c., to keep us warm in cold weather, and he proceeded to question little Willie, who had been rather inattentive during the lesson. "Now, Willie," said the teacher, "where does wool come from?"

"Off the sheep's back, teacher," replied Willie.

"And what then?" inquired the teacher.

Willie could not answer.

"What are these made from?" asked the teacher, touching Willie's trousers with the cane.

"Uncle John's old 'uns," replied Willie.

"A SOLILOQUY IN MID-AIR."

WHAT THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR WILL DO.

"'MONARCH of all I survey.' Ah! I wonder what poor old Cowper would have made Robinson Crusoe say if he could have imagined him in such a position as this. 'Free as air' is not the word for it, for the air isn't free, because I am its master. No, riding on the wings of the wind—that is more like it, and yet even that doesn't do, for my wings are my own by right of, well, we'll say conquest, though I suppose respectable society would find another name for it, and the wind—the tamed, subjugated wind—only holds them up like the passive, conquered slave that I have made it!

"No, there are no words to describe it. It is too glorious, too transcendent for words, this conquest of the air really achieved at last, the realisation of all the dreams of flight from the days of Dædalus until now. Look, look, my eyes, for you have never beheld such a scene as this before, nor have the eyes of any mortal man before me—*moi, Max Renault, veritable roi des airs!* For what is mere commonplace ballooning to this, when you know that your balloon is but the slave, the plaything, of every breath of air that blows, a mere helpless straw floating about without will hither and thither in the currents of the ocean of atmosphere?

"Bah! what is that compared with this? A touch on one lever or another and I fly to right or left, dive to the surface of the sea or soar beyond the clouds, just as my turn of fancy may suggest. And look at those islands down yonder, those snow-ringed gems of emerald set on the sapphire shield of the sea, look how they rise in front of me and go dropping away behind me, and how those few fleecy clouds that I could leap over with a single bound come flying towards me as if to greet their new comrade of the air!

"Ah! a hundred miles an hour, with another twenty or thirty in hand for a pinch, and an ocean of which I am the only navigator stretched above me and below me, in front and behind and on either hand, wider than the wide world itself, open and free, and all mine!—mine alone among all the sons of men. I, the Magellan, the Columbus of the new world, the realm of air that I have conquered; I, to whom land and sea and air are open; to whom the most secret places of the world, where no human foot has trodden, must be open as the daylight; whose gaze, if I but will it, may explore even the unseen solitudes of the Poles; I, who can outsoar the vultures and outrace the storm!

"Imagine my beautiful *Vengeur* being sighted some fine morning circling over Trafalgar Square, or the Place de la Concorde, or Broadway, or the Nevski Prospekt. Ah! I can fancy how the crowds will collect under me, how the people will rush out of the houses and the shops, crawling about like the earthworms that they are, and pointing up at me and wondering what I am going to do.

"And then think of the fun of a little aerial artillery practice at their expense! The bombs bursting in the middle of the crowds and scattering them, mostly in pieces, in every direction! Think how they'll run shrieking and raising their arms aloft for mercy until they were knocked over, just as helpless as a flock of sheep would be in front of a machine gun!

"But there will be better fun than that at Westminster and over the Chamber of Deputies on the Quay d'Orsay. Think of the effects of a nicely placed projectile through the windows of what those English call their Gilded Chamber! A charge of gun-cotton will make a nice mixture with the contents of the Woolsack, and the fragments of M. le President flying about the Chamber of Deputies will be a sight for all the oppressed of the earth to laugh at.

"And it is possible now, all possible! The Queen of England in Windsor Castle, or the Tsar surrounded by all his slavish millions, will be no safer from me than the man who is walking along the street. What will the trifling, though meritorious, work of Vaillant and Henri, of Ravachol and Santo, be to what I shall do, flinging my thunderbolts from my aerial throne? Yes, it is splendid, this realisation of the long-dreamt-of ideal of human flight. Splendid, splendid!"

This is what Max Renault, the chief of the Outlaws of the Air, promises himself that he will do now that the dream of his evil ambition is fulfilled, and he is actually master of the subjugated empire of the air at last. The situation here portrayed is absolutely unique in fiction, and its logical outcome is pursued to the end with an almost remorseless realism which makes the narrative read more like the relation of facts that have actually happened than a romance of to-morrow. Two profusely illustrated chapters of "THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR" are now appearing every week in *Short Stories*, published every Tuesday, price one penny.

"Now that it has been shown that a machine may be made which will actually lift itself and travel through the air at a very high velocity, I believe that some of the military powers, who have so long been experimenting in this direction, will take advantage of what I have accomplished, that they will obtain sufficient appropriation, and that an actual flying machine for military purposes will soon be evolved, whether I continue my experiments or not."

This extract from an article just published by Mr. Hiram Maxim in the *National Review* is a fairly conclusive corroboration of the contention which was made last week in one of the preliminary notices of "THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR," to the effect that aerial navigation is now no longer a dream but a definite prospect, and that the most terrible warships of the future will be cruisers of the air and not of the sea.

GEORGIE (aged seven, being undressed and put to bed): "I wish I was a Freemason."

Mamma: "Why, dear?"

Georgie: "'Cause papa is so jolly when he comes home from the Lodge; and you let him go to bed without undressing!"

Authors are invited to submit to this office MSS. of novels of from 60,000 to 70,000 words in length. All stories must be type-written or in very clear hand-writing, otherwise they will not be read.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2129. Why cannot an Egg Half Boiled and then Cooled be Boiled Hard?

The two parts of an egg are hard-boiled by two processes. The yolk hardens by evaporation, and the white, or albumen, by coagulation. When an egg has been boiled to a certain extent and then allowed to cool, the albumen coagulates and forms an envelope round the yolk impervious to moisture. Owing, probably, to a chemical change produced by heat, it will not harden further itself, and it prevents the hardening of the yolk by stopping the evaporation of its watery constituents.

2130. Which Precious Stone has Fluctuated most in Popular Favour and Commercial Value?

There does not seem to be much exact information on this subject, but what there is points to the diamond as the answer to the question. It is almost impossible to say what relative values the ancients placed on precious stones, for they regarded them, not only as jewels, but amulets and charms, to which superstition gave entirely fictitious values; but within modern times the diamond has so changed in value and popular appreciation that it has sunk from the first to the third place in the category of price. Nowadays the pearl stands first, then comes the ruby, and then the diamond. Mr. Streeter, perhaps the first commercial authority on the subject, says the pure ruby of ten carats is almost beyond valuation—a statement which places the red stone far above the diamond. In specific market price the value of the diamond has passed through some extraordinary fluctuations. When Dom Pedro, the late Emperor of Brazil, paid the Brazilian state debt to England in diamonds instead of money, the value at the Leipsic market fell 50 per cent. at a drop. In 1836 it rose again, only to fall again in 1848. From then till 1865 it rose at the rate of 5 per cent. a year. At the end of the American war it leapt up 25 per cent. After the Franco-German war in 1871, there was a sudden rise of 10 per cent., gradually rising to 20 per cent. Then came the panic in America and the discovery of the Cape diamond fields, and the price went down largely and steadily. Recovering once more with the revival of trade, it went up again, and now the finest diamonds fetch a higher price than ever.

2131. Were the Horses used in Ancient Times Larger or Smaller than those in Use To-Day?

Smaller. The horses most highly esteemed in ancient times—Arabs, Persians, Barbs and Spanish genettes—were all inferior in size to our horses of to-day, the average Arab steed being between 14 and 15 hands, and the others smaller. The horses of Denmark, Holland, and Achaia were of larger size, while those of India, China, and Egypt were altogether a small and degenerate breed. Our British horse is a mixture of all the best breeds, and is the result of the hundreds of years of careful selection, assidnous attention, good feeding, and training which our horses have received. Our pre-eminence as a cart-horse producing country is unchallenged, nothing equal in bulk to our dray-horses being previously known; and our Clydesdales, often over 17 hands, are probably the finest specimens of equine development in size and strength that the world has seen. The modern race-horse, too, is unquestionable a larger as well as a stronger animal, being on the average fully a hand higher than the Eastern horse from which it is descended.

2132. On what Occasion was Necessity Most Strikingly shown to be the Mother of Invention?

When Aloys Senefelder invented the art of lithography. The story runs, that he lost his father before he had reached manhood, and was thus reduced to great hardships. Being undecided what profession to choose, he endeavoured to support himself as a composer of music, and not being able to pay for the engraving of his compositions, he resolved to engrave them himself. Finding this rather expensive and difficult, he tried to work with a greasy ink on copper, to etch this afterwards in relief, and to print the plate with the ordinary type printing press. The story here differs in detail somewhat, for one account says that he was too poor to buy copper, and concluded to use stone, and, after many failures, finally made a brilliant success and large fortune through his invention, prompted in the first instance by such dire necessity. Yet accident played some part in the matter. Being asked one day by his mother to note down some account, and having no paper at hand, he wrote it with his composition ink on a polished Kelheim or Solenhofen stone. It occurred to him afterwards to raise this writing with acid, and to print with a press of his own invention, a rude instrument at best. From this beginning, with the same necessity prompting him that made other inventors toil on, Senefelder gradually discovered the whole process of chemical printing from stone, called lithography.

2133. What was the largest Body of Cavalry that ever Charged at the same Time?

There can be little doubt that we must turn to very early history to find an answer to this question. During the First Crusade after the Christian army had taken Nice, a battle was fought with a host of Turks under the command of the Sultan Soliman, in which it is stated that no fewer than 200,000 Turkish horse charged at once upon the Crusaders. These figures, however, vary according to different authorities, and doubtless are somewhat exaggerated, but it must be accepted as a fact that shortly after this battle the commander of the Turkish garrison at Antioch directed a cavalry charge of 20,000 men upon the Christian army under the Count of Flanders. In the history of modern warfare, it is recorded that at the Battle of Blenheim, the allied cavalry under the Duke of Marlborough, to the number of 8000 men, charged the French lines, and were mainly instrumental in gaining the victory. At the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon ordered 10,000 horsemen to charge the British cavalry, which was deployed to receive them. The greatest cavalry charge in modern warfare, however, was that of the Mamelukes at the Battle of Heliopolis, March 20th, 1800, when 20,000 horsemen hurled themselves in vain on the French infantry and artillery.

2134. How does Friction produce Heat?

Friction consists of a conversion of molar motion into molecular motion. It is always attended by a loss or disappearance of available energy. Since the law of persistence of force denies that energy can be destroyed, the question arises—what has become of this vanished energy? The reply is, that it has merely been transmuted into another form—that of heat. It is found that heat consists essentially in a more or less violent vibration of the molecules of a substance. When the exterior molecules of two substances rub or grate against each other, the motion of either mass is retarded, but the molecules themselves become excited into a state of vibration. This agitation spreads inward according to a law of its own, so that in time the entire mass of each body is found to be what is popularly called hot.

2135. Which Piece of Coast-line has been Guarded by a Lighthouse for the Longest Period?

The north coast of Egypt. About B.C. 300, Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Greek king of Egypt, and one of the successors of Alexander the Great, built the so-called Pharos of Alexandria. This was a lofty tower placed at the entrance of the harbour, with a great fire blazing on its summit during the night. According to Josephus, the light was visible forty miles, and it is possible that mirrors were employed to strengthen and diffuse the rays. This Pharos existed down to the beginning of the 14th century, when it was succeeded by a mediæval lighthouse, so that the coast-line has been continuously guarded till the present day. The oldest of modern lighthouses is the Tour de Corduan, at the mouth of the Garonne, founded in 1584, completed in 1610—nearly a century earlier than the first Eddystone. Everyone knows the Greek tale of Hero, the young priestess on the Hellespont, who nightly kindled a beacon fire to enable her lover, Leander, to swim across to her; and how one night the rain extinguished the fire and he perished.

2137. In What Part of the World is Food Frozen before being Eaten?

In nearly all parts of the Arctic regions food is frozen, not only for purposes of preservation but also to increase, as the natives believe, its nutritive properties. In Greenland, Siberia, and the Arctic Islands fish and seal-flesh are frozen and eaten in thin slices, cut off by axe or knife. *Mikiak*, or seal flesh half decomposed and then frozen, is one of the Esquimaux' greatest delicacies. Walrus-liver, too, when frozen, is held to be possessed of far more sustaining power than pemmican, and it is also considered that cooking deprives it of its delicacy of flavour. The natives of the Titicaca Basin in Peru, who inhabit a district 12,000 feet above the sea, prepare their potatoes by soaking them in water, then freezing them, then steeping them in water and mashing them to remove the soluble matter. After this they are dried and become an article of food called chuñus. After this process they will keep any length of time, and are extremely convenient for carrying on long journeys. The Oka, another vegetable of the district, is prepared in the same way.

2139. Which Nation has Made the Greatest Sacrifices in the Cause of its Religion?

Spain. The Spanish historian Castelar was only recording sober fact when he wrote: "Spain ruined herself to preserve the Catholic religion." The history of the world affords no parallel to the colossal sacrifices which Spain made for Roman Catholicism. On the fall of the kingdom of Andalusia, Spain stood at the pinnacle of national greatness, and at the bidding of her priests she proceeded with the most cold-blooded deliberation to destroy, one after another, the sources of her wealth and power. She began with the persecution and expulsion of the Moors, and with them she saw her internal wealth and her industrial prosperity depart. In the same cause she ruthlessly stamped out the art and science which had made the Moorish universities the illuminators of Europe, and gradually took her place among the most ignorant and superstitious of the peoples of the earth. To vindicate the untenable fallacies of mediæval superstition she dismembered the magnificent empire of Charles V., lost Burgundy, the Netherlands, and some of the finest regions of Italy in the old world, and drove her colonies to revolt in the new. In doing this, she spent millions of treasure and thousands of lives, all to no purpose, and made her name hated throughout the earth as the synonym of bigotry, brutality, and ignorance. Such an example of national insanity is happily unique in the annals of the world.

2140. Which is the Most Peaceful and Comfortable Community in the World?

Excluding religious communities, in consequence of the special and artificial circumstances under which they live, the world boasts some four or five small communities which have so far realised the ideal of peace and comfort that it is somewhat difficult to choose among them. In Europe the palm must be given to the Communes of the Canton Vaud in Switzerland. This Canton is quite a Utopia, although it is run on the strictest business principles. Its basis is peasant-proprietorship, and the industry of its people is divided between agriculture and small manufacture. Nearly everyone is well off, and there are no paupers. Education is free even for orphans, and there are also communal estates, the rent of which is applied to the reduction of taxation. Everyone who will work can live comfortably, and it is recorded that the Commune once paid a hopelessly hard case about £300 to resign his communal rights and get out. The Island of Panaria, in the Lipari group, north of Sicily, is equally fortunate. It owns neither lawyers nor prisons, and criminals and paupers are equally unknown. Norfolk Island, peopled by the descendants of the Mutineers of the Bounty, though now threatened by civilisation, still retains much of its primitive happiness, and off the North-east coast of New Guinea, the Island of Kitaba, surrounded by a wall of coral, three hundred feet high on the outside and from fifty to a hundred on the inside, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime, and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2161. Over which disease has most control been obtained during the present century?

2162. What is the most remarkable feat ever accomplished by a chess-player?

2163. Which drug is most rapid in its medicinal effects on the human system?

2164. Which is the most momentous order ever given on a field of battle?

2165. Which artificial product is most like the natural article it is intended to imitate?

2166. Why does a wet surface feel colder than a dry one?

2167. How does the saying "A change of work is as good as a rest" come out in practice?

2168. Which is the most nearly ideal form of government that the world has yet seen?

2169. Which is the most shameful social anomaly of the present day?

2170. Does any other animal besides man make use of a mixed flesh and vegetable diet?

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***Home Notes*, though barely eight months old, has a far larger circulation than any other ladies' paper. Why? Because it is something quite novel, and a paper that, besides pleasing mind and eye, saves its readers money. To prove the truth of this assertion will cost you but a penny, and that penny will save you many a pound.**

THE PICKPOCKET.

BELINDA was a cautious little maid,
Whose motto was the single word, "Beware;"
She never lost a chance to be afraid,
And spent a deal of time in "taking care."
Yet, all the while, her natural timidity
She hid beneath a mass of intrepidity.

Obliged, one day, within a railway train,
To sit beside a grave, sedate young man;
A sudden terror filled Belinda's brain:
"He'll surely pick my pocket if he can!
"'Tis true he looks respectable, but then,
"The worst of sharpers pose as gentlemen."

They reached the tunnel in another minute,
Belinda, with her customary care
To guard her pocket, slipped her hand within it,
But found another hand already there!
To show her fortitude and hide her fright,
She grasped the villain's fist and held it tight.

Until they reached the open line again,
And, as the train into broad daylight rushed,
As if it fain would break its record, then
No wonder that the modest maiden blushed,
No wonder that the villain smiled a smile,
Her hand was in his pocket all the while.

INGENIOUS THIEVES.

NOT long ago a street pickpocket was apprehended on a charge of stealing a bank-note for £10, and while piteously denying the charge she was quick to notice that her accuser had a slit pocket at the end of his sleeve, presumably for carrying railway tickets. Placing her hand upon his arm, as if agitated, she adroitly slipped the note partly into the slit, and then submitted herself to be taken into custody and searched. No trace of the note could be obtained and she was released. As she left the police station, she gripped the complainer by the arm and said, "May you be forgiven, sir, for thus accusing one who is innocent."

At the same time, however, the "innocent" creature repossessed herself of the money.

Another instance where the police were for a time at fault, was in connection with the theft of a number of notes within a gentleman's private house. That the money had been filched by someone engaged in the house was certain, and all the servants were searched and their boxes, etc., examined. The hunt proved fruitless, and the officers were in the act of retiring discomfited, when one acute member of the force thought fit, inspired by a sudden idea, to call one of the gentleman's children playing on the lawn, over to him, and to examine the curl papers in her hair. These turned out to be the missing notes, and had been placed there by the nurserymaid, who, being subsequently taxed, admitted her guilt.

WE SHOULD EAT MORE RAISINS.

IT has been the custom, until very recently, to consider raisins as an article purely of luxury, and to deem them only suited to the tables of those who are able to indulge themselves in such things as serve merely to please the palate. In consequence, however, of the marvellous growth of the raisin industry in California, and the cheapness of the product to the consumer, the question has been raised whether the raisin does not possess an intrinsic food value, independent of its use as a luxury, and the arguments seem to favour the affirmative of the proposition.

It is asserted by those who have studied the question from a scientific and hygienic standpoint that the nutritive power of raisins as compared with meat is as four to one. This, we imagine, may be taken with some grains of allowance; but, nevertheless, it is susceptible of demonstration that raisins, like other dried fruits, are genuine food, and contain elements which are fully as necessary to good health as fibrine, dextrine, and all the rest of the things which analytical chemists have discovered in flesh-making and strength-making foods.

Those who have studied the question of raisins as food profess to have something like one hundred recipes for the preparation of the raisin, and each of these, it is asserted, has an economic value. Whether this estimate be excessive or not, one thing is very certain, and that is that the world would be better off, from the hygienic point of view, if we were to eat more fruit and less meat.

The raisin, which is only the grape dried in the sun, should be a natural food, if there be any such thing. Sugar, which the dried grape contains in its natural state, had long been recognised as a genuine food, so much so that manufactured sugar is no longer regarded as an article of luxury, but as a household necessity. We leave to physiologists the technical explanation of this, but the fact is as well known as that water is needed to quench thirst.

This being so, it would seem that dried grapes or raisins should furnish the sugar which the system needs in its purest and most concrete form, for Nature's laboratory surpasses all the skill of the chemists, and outdoes all the triumphs of analysis, quantitative and qualitative.

FANCY FIRE-ENGINES.

THEY have first-class fires in Japan. Whilst our representative was in Tokio there was a fire at Asakusa, one of the suburbs, which swept off 1,400 houses in one night.

The houses at Asakusa, it is true, since they are inhabited almost entirely by the poorer classes, don't amount to much. Ten pounds would buy a good many of them, ground and all. They are merely wooden frames, with sides made of paper shutters (*shoji*), and wooden outside shutters to put up at night or in very rainy weather. The roofs are covered with the heavy channeled tiles in use all over Japan.

Fires are great fun in Japan. It is almost impossible to take them seriously. As nearly all the houses are one-storeyed, and so flimsy that you can kick your way through them, a person can hardly be burned unless he is asleep. But a two-storeyed house fire gives more fun, for it is here that the bamboo ladder and the Swiss milking-pail come into play.

Every Japanese fire brigade conducted upon national principles has one or more ladders made of green bamboo, with their rungs lashed on, and the lashings very likely of paper twine. These are used for acrobatic displays at the New Year's festival and for fires. In the latter, if the fire is not too dangerous to be tackled, the ladder is propped up against the roof, and one man, mounting it, stands on the roof, and one or two more stand at arm's reach intervals on the ladder, and half a dozen others bring them the buckets, which look like Swiss milking-pails, and hold about a gallon of water each. These are passed up and emptied by hand.

This, however, does not, as might have been supposed from a study of the Japanese, constitute the whole fire-subduing apparatus. There is a native fire-engine (a water kago), looking like a water-trough, fitted with a lid, and staves for carrying it like those used (in pictures) for the Ark of the Covenant. It would go inside the average travelling-trunk, and is fitted with a bamboo pipe and nozzle through which water can be squirted, but without the power or the volume of a garden hydrant.

A man runs in front of this car ringing a bell or blowing a horn, because the population are not supposed to be able to take care of themselves in the matter of being run over. It is usually escorted by a number of firemen with axes, which are bamboos about six feet long with a little pick or hook for a head. The fierceness with which the Japanese can contest the flames may be gathered from the fact that they wear cotton dresses and use paper lanterns.

They also carry a huge paper standard to every fire, shaped like an orange, about a foot and a half in diameter, with a paper fringe a foot long stuck on the end of a six-foot pole. This is planted at a respectful distance from the fire, and the firemen generally stand by it till the fire has burned itself out into reasonableness. It is white, and has the crest of the guild painted upon it in black. There are about seventy of these guilds in Tokio, and they usually have from forty to fifty members each.

There has been one historical fire in Japan, which, in point of mortality, probably puts even the great Fire of London into the shade. Though it seems incomprehensible to me how anyone could be burned in a low, flimsy affair like a Japanese house, over 100,000 persons perished then. It occurred a century or two ago in that hotbed of fires, Asakusa, a region particularly liable to accidental conflagrations, for the houses and lanterns are made of paper.

LATEST FROM THE BOARD SCHOOLS: Question: "Who was Joan of Arc?" Answer by up-to-date boy who is always ready: "Noah's missis."

BINKS: "By the way, Winks, the doctor advised you to use dumb-bells, didn't he?"

Winks: "Yes, I must see about getting a pair."

"Well, I have a pair you can have."

"Tired of them?"

"Don't need 'em. The twins are teething.

AT a late dinner at the Mansion House three foreign Consuls were present to whom the Lord Mayor wished to do honour by drinking their healths. He accordingly deputed the toast-master to announce "the healths of three present Consuls." He, however, mistaking the words, gave out: "The Lord Mayor drinks the health of the Three per Cent. Consols."

WE were very much amused by an incident related the other day. A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, moustachios, &c., visited a relative, whose child, an artless little girl of five or six years, he was very fond of. The little girl made no demonstration towards saluting him with a kiss, as was usual. "Why child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle P. a kiss?" "Why, ma," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

DIFFERENT COLOURED GOLD.

MOST people suppose that all gold is alike when refined, but this is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal is obtained.

The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in colour is always perceptible.

Again, the gold obtained from the placers is more yellow than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be the case is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer gold all comes from the veins. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

Few people know the real colour of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed, which renders it redder than when pure. The purest coins ever made were the fifty-dollar pieces that used to be common in California.

Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons; first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and, secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck.

A MAKER OF QUEER SPEECHES.

WILLIAM ANDREW, who was at the head of some great dye works in Manchester, often used to say that he attributed his success in life to what he learned in the Sunday-school. Day schools were then few, and and reading and writing used to be taught on Sunday in the old church, now the cathedral, of the cotton-spinning city.

Mr. Andrew was rather eccentric, for when he had become a rich man people could scarcely see any change in his habits. He lived frugally, as he had always done, worked hard, wasted not a penny, and was at his dye works from six in the morning till six in the evening. It is said that he always stipulated with his wife—he was married four times—that she should get up at four o'clock to provide his breakfast before he went to his works.

He also retained other old-fashioned notions. He attended church morning and afternoon, continued to serve the Sunday-school as teacher or superintendent, found time to be at missionary meetings, and gave liberally whenever he thought that giving would do good. It was at a missionary meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, held in a Sunday-school room, that he made this queer speech:

"Now you little boys and gels, and you young men and maidens, sit you still on them benches and hearken, and mayhap you'll hear something to your advantage. I can call to mind when Boughton Lane and Bury Road were all in the country, with hedges covered with May blossoms, and where thrushes and blackbirds sang.

"Now one day there was a young couple who were keeping company, but hadn't made up their minds what to say to each other. So the young man said to the young woman:

"'What's that bird saying?'

"'Nay,' said she, 'I can't tell.'

"'Well then,' says he, 'I'll tell you: How I love you! How I love you!' (imitating the song of a thrush).

"Then they went on a little farther, and the girl says, 'What's that blackbird singing?'

"'I don't know,' says he.

"'Well,' says she, 'I'll tell you: Show it! Show it!' (imitating a blackbird).

"So you see, they made it up and got wed. Now if you love Society for Propagation of Gospel," (he seldom used the definite article) "show it, show it, by what you put into them plates when collection is made."

This queer speech brought in a goodly sum.

The author of "Random Recollections," who was present at the funeral of Mr. Andrew's second wife, reports another queer speech which he made on that occasion. It was before "funeral reform" was thought of, and when respect for the "dear departed" took the form of mutes, mourning coaches, scarfs, hatbands, gloves, and a banquet. At the funeral feast, when friends and neighbours, more than a hundred, had eaten and drank of the best, the old man heaved a sigh, and delivered himself thus:

"Friends, all; I'm not one of them as frets after them that's gone, if it pleases the Lord to take 'em. He knows best, and I thank the Almighty that she as is gone has lacked for nothing (sigh).

"Now if she's cost me a penny in her illness, she's cost me five hundred pound. There's the doctor and the apothecary as can testify, if they've a mind; for they've got what I've paid 'em in their pockets; and there's the undertaker, who can tell you what's the cost of the coffin and dues, and all paid; and if she'd cost me all my fortune, she'd ha' had it and welcome.

"The only reflection as might be cast on me is that I haven't buried her in lead (sigh); but, when my time comes, if I'm laid in as good an oak coffin as her that is gone to rest is laid in, I shall have every reason to be thankful."

When a twelvemonth had passed away, almost the same party was asked to celebrate Mr. Andrew's nuptials with his third wife.

Thus the "Mining World":—"There is a funny thing in *Pearson's Weekly* of Sept. 1. An interesting article on 'Arsenic Mining and Devon Great Consols' is followed by a footnote, 'If you stick to *P.W.* nothing will trouble you.' The *P.W.* in question does not, as might be thought, refer to Mr. Peter Watson, the worthy chairman of Devon Great Consols, but to *Pearson's Weekly*. It is the playful way the editor of that publication has of expressing his opinion of its merits."

NEW AND STRANGE.

METAL furniture is coming much into vogue in many parts of Australia, as it proves an effectual foil to the laborious efforts of that insidious and persistent destroyer of furniture wood—the white ant.

THE French Government intends, I hear from a good and reliable source, to make extensive use of electrically lighted buoys to mark harbour channels, in preference to lighthouses. This is a wise policy, as of course the buoys are infinitely cheaper than the other things, and are quite as effective.

AN experiment with a very successful termination took place the other day in the offices of a London paper. An article was dictated into a phonograph, and the cylinder taken up to the composing room where it was fixed to another machine. An intelligent compositor clipped the receivers into his ears and set up the type from dictation. When a proof was secured, the readers corrected it in the same way.

A GAS main in one of the streets of Montclair, in the States, became broken the other day, and the gas escaped into the thoroughfare in large quantities. A repairing gang was immediately sent for, but a terrific explosion occurred before they could reach the spot. No lights were in the vicinity at the time, and the people wondered how to account for the ignition, when it was discovered that the gas was lighted by a spark from a horse's hoof.

A FIRELESS locomotive engine was recently used on the Aix-la-Chapelle Julich Railway. The motive power is derived from soda. The invention is based on the principle that solutions of caustic soda, which have high boiling points, liberate heat while absorbing steam. These engines eject neither smoke nor steam, and work noiselessly. Compared with coal-burning locomotives, the soda engines show a capacity equal to the former, while they are worked with greater ease and simplicity.

THE very latest invention of M. Turpin, that strangely clever man, who has hatched, and continues to hatch, such a brood of man-killing engines, is described by *La Petite Republique* as a "wheel gun, capable of being sent along railway lines at a rate of seventy miles an hour, discharging twenty-four shells, each three feet long, and containing four smaller ones." IF (caps., please) seventy miles an hour can be got out of it as a wheel gun, surely there is a future before it in times of peace as a locomotive.

CONTINENTAL armies seem to be placing a great deal of faith in the utilisation of the telephone in war time. Soldiers in several instances are being equipped with the necessary apparatus for providing speaking accommodation over a mile of wire. Speaking from experience, in a quiet room with nothing to interrupt me, I should have the deepest admiration and sympathy for the soldier who attempted to hear what was going on while a battle was being fought, if these telephones are anything like those which we have in Britain.

"IT is a well-known fact that about 50 per cent. of soap is lost by not being allowed to dry thoroughly after each time it is used." That is what Messrs. Ben Milligan and Company, of 43, Cannon-street, Manchester, say in the circular which accompanies their patent Pinnacle Soap Stands. It is new to me, this "well known fact," and perhaps the final 0 has been smuggled in by the festive compositor who set up the pamphlet. However, the idea of an indiarubber mat covered with a lot of indiarubber needles, which allow the soap to drain and dry properly, is good.

THE world is greatly in want of a perfectly harmless yet efficacious anæsthetic. Chloroform and cocaine—the two agents at present most generally used—are not wholly free from dangerous effects, more especially in cases where persons suffer from heart disease, poverty of blood, and ills of the kind. In Vienna, some of the foremost doctors of Europe are discussing a new pain-deadener. This is simply a subcutaneous injection of a solution of sugar or salt, or even of pure, cold distilled water. The result of the injection is to act mechanically, by means of high pressure and low temperature upon the blood, in such a way as to drive it to places where the pressure is less, and so leave the nerves, deprived of the blood supply, in a state of temporary paralysis.

AT first I thought that perhaps it was a patent feeding apparatus for baby crocodiles. But it was a pneumatic bicycle brake, and I was relieved. The absolute impossibility of securing anything like a sense of comfort and security on a pneumatic machine with an ordinary brake is a large drawback to the popularity of that particular form of record breaker, and I had really believed the remedy a thing for the people of the next century, until Mr. James Woods, of 12, South King-street, Manchester, kindly enlightened me. The apparatus begins at the handle, where there is a tough bulb, and crawls, in the shape of an india-rubber tube, along the handle bar and down the fork, and ends in a spoon-shaped brake fronted with a slip of rubber. On pressure being applied to the bulb the rubber on the spoon dilates and engages the tyre. But what happens if a sharp stone gets in between the two surfaces of rubber?

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE Princess of Wales has a great fondness for having her picture taken in "groups." The Prince dislikes the ceremony as much as his spouse enjoys it.

A WOMAN named Mrs. Alicia Henderson, of New York, has been married fifteen times. She is only forty-five years of age, yet in the comparatively short space of thirty years she has contracted fifteen marriages.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is a most painstaking and untiring speaker. Not unfrequently he writes every line of a speech occupying, perhaps, four or five columns of a newspaper the next morning. He then learns it off by heart, word for word. In spite of these elaborate preparations he is a ready debater, and he can extemporise as well as any man in the House.

IN sailing from America recently, Rudyard Kipling saw on the table of the smoking room, before they had left port, a copy of "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Is that your book?" asked a fellow traveller. "Yes," Kipling replied. "Excuse me," cried another, "it's mine." "I beg your pardon," said Kipling, "but it is mine." "Sir, I bought it!" "I don't care if you did. It is mine, for I wrote it."

"ADRIAN ROSS," *alias* Mr. Ropes, the author of "Go-Bang," is a distinguished fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Mr. Ropes is a brilliant conversationalist, a man of gentle, poetic instincts, a student, a historian, a bookworm, with spectacles on nose and dusty mediæval manuscript in hand, whose stout figure, light brown hair and beard, and academical appearance, convey little idea of the boisterous humourist he has proved himself to be.

THE Hon. Thomas Francis Bayard, the first American minister to this country to be raised to the level of an "Excellency," is by profession a lawyer. He ran Cleveland close one year for the Presidential nomination, and is now one of his best, truest, and most trusted friends. No one could help being a friend of Bayard's who knew him intimately. He is a handsome, go-ahead, good-natured, kind-hearted, unaffected fellow, who believes in the goodness of human nature, and is a past master in the art of making himself agreeable.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, who is a very great lover of dogs, was some time back on circuit in a western town, accompanied, as usual, by his favourite terrier. A large crowd had assembled to witness his arrival. No sooner was the door of his carriage opened than out jumped the dog, attached to a chain, at the other end of which appeared the worthy judge. His dignity was, however, somewhat impaired by the remark of one of the onlookers, who, mistaking the exact function of his canine companion, remarked, in a very audible tone: "Good 'evins, Bill, the old un's blind!"

KING MILAN, of Servia, once went to the hotel of a distinguished lady who was giving a bazaar for the benefit of the poor children of Paris. As soon as the king appeared upon the scene she advanced toward him with a splendid silver salver in her hand on which was beautifully emblazoned the family arms. On it lay a pretty little bunch of violets. "How much, madame?" asked the king. "Twenty-four louis, sire," was her soft response. Milan paid her the sum she asked, with a courteous bow; took the salver from her hands, placed the bouquet in his button-hole, and walked off with the tray under his arm.

ACCORDING to rumour, the Earl of Dunmore, who is an experienced traveller, is making preparations for a journey by land from New York to Paris. So far, however, the plans have not been definitely settled. It was not so very long ago that his lordship completed a ride from the Pamirs through Central Asia to Constantinople, occupying some ten months with the adventure, which was by no means unattended by danger. The earl is no lover of his ancestral acres, and his roving disposition prevents his staying very long in one place. Lord Dunmore is something of a composer, and he is passionately fond of music.

M. JEAN LASSALLE, the famous baritone, owns so many valuables that a robbery of £1,200 worth of his possessions, which must have taken place some months ago, was not discovered until a few days ago. He was preparing to set out from his house in the Rue Spontini for his summer retreat at Pornichet when it dawned on him that some of his knick-knacks were missing. Among them was a fowling-piece, ornamented with gold and diamonds, the gift of some admiring monarch. Lassalle is a magnificent specimen of a man, two inches over six feet in height, and splendidly formed. He nurses his voice and constitution in every possible way. On the night before a performance at the opera he goes to bed at eight and does not rise until next day at noon. Then he gets up, eats a hearty meal, and does not touch another mouthful until he has got half-way through his work at night.

MR. RUSKIN is a singularly insignificant-looking little man, rounded at the shoulders, with large blue eyes, and a full white beard. He is very sensitive as regards his personal appearance, and is quoted as saying that he is dissatisfied with all his portraits, and that thet ruer and more candid they are the less he cares for them. "I like to be flattered both by pen and pencil, so long as it is done in good taste," he said. Mentally, he is a veritable "sensitive plant." On a bright clear day he is buoyant and elastic, but on a dull, wet day he is equally moody and misanthropic. He has two pet aversions—tobacco and stupid people. So great, indeed, is his aversion to the weed, that his intimates who indulge in it have to fumigate and scent themselves before approaching him. Like Carlyle, he is utterly intolerant of stupidity, and he has a short, emphatic way of his own of handling bores which effectually prevents them from intruding on him again. He is a masterful chess-player, and sometimes devotes whole days to solving intricate problems on the board.

CRICKET NOTES.

IF the Surrey second eleven advocated their claim to inclusion in the front rank of counties, there are few people who would hazard an objection to such a mode of procedure, on the score of lack of strength. A powerful Surrey eleven has been beaten more than once this season by eighteen young players of the county, and, were eleven of the latter pitted against Gloucester, for instance, the betting would not be all on one side.

ANENT a proposal to take an English team of cricketers to South Africa, a Cape paper makes some very pointed allusions to amateurs from this country, who, if the journal is correct, have gained an unenviable notoriety while touring. Our contemporary begs that any team going to South Africa shall be composed mainly of professionals, as amateurs are far too expensive. As to these insinuations I have not the means of deciding whether they are truthful or libellous—I prefer to think the latter—but considering that they have been made, it is quite time a committee of the M.C.C., whose livers seem to be particularly sluggish, inquired into the whole question of amateurs, who are amateurs in name only.

So many second class counties are laying claim to front rank that, allowing for their certain promotion next year, the competition for the championship of 1895 will have to be very clearly defined, or no county can possibly be properly awarded premier honours. With the accession of the four second-raters it will be quite impossible for the counties to play home and home matches with each other. In the first place, as each match occupies three days there is no time, owing to our variable climate, for the fixtures to be brought to a conclusion; and, secondly, it is more than doubtful whether counties, whose ranks include a goodly proportion of amateurs, would succeed in raising anything like a representative or even decent team for a greater number of engagements than are now on the match list. The present mode of counting by wins and losses therefore will be futile, and some new arrangement will be necessary if the keen competition for first place which now exists amongst the counties is not to suffer. By far the best proposal so far, and one which is eminently fair, is for each county to subtract from the total number of runs scored, the runs made by opponents, and also from the number of wickets taken the wickets captured by the other side. This would put the championship beyond dispute, as it would have done this year in favour of Surrey. The only objection is the possible abolition of the rule of declaring the innings closed, but this doubtless could be surmounted.

IF rumour is correct, illness was not the sole cause of Arthur Shrewsbury's absence from the county cricket-field this season. So far as I can discover, the retirement of the finest batsman in the world may be attributed in great measure to the objection taken in many quarters to the slowness of Notts cricket. For the last two or three years the Notts eleven has been publicly ridiculed, even by its own partisans, and there is every reason to fear that this ungracious conduct has driven Shrewsbury from the cricket field. Gunn threatened to follow suit before the season closed, and he would have been well within his rights if he had carried out his original determination. Notts cricket is painfully slow; no one denies that. On the other hand it has the merit of being scientific—far more so than is understood by the boisterous and unsportsmanlike mob who howled the Notts men down whenever they appeared at the wicket. As a matter of fact, bowlers are as much to blame for slow cricket as batsmen. The former bowl for maiden overs, and, so long as they are not knocked about, dozens of professionals make a point of bowling straight and slightly short-pitched balls from which it is impossible to score with any rapidity. This is the explanation of a great deal of the uninteresting cricket which is now witnessed. As soon as we abolish the average hunting bowler cricket will improve; but then for this to be we want big-hearted men like Lohmann and Lockwood and Briggs, who are content to risk being hit in the hope of getting a man out.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES.—Playing for Northington *v.* North Stonham, Griffin and Thomas disposed of their opponents for 4 runs, Thomas capturing 7 wickets for 3 runs, and Griffin 3 for 1. Each bowler took three wickets in three successive balls. In the second innings Griffin repeated the feat.————Bowling for St. Margaret's *v.* Isleworth, East hit one of the stumps in such a way that it made a complete somersault and stuck in the ground right end up again.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 7.13 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 15th, and 6.57 p.m. on Sept. 22nd. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

*Signature*_____

Available until midnight, Sept. 22nd, 1894.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXXIV.

JEAN CASIMIR-PERIER.

THE UNCROWNED KING OF FRANCE.

WITHOUT wishing, in any way, to depreciate his patriotic devotion, it must be admitted that Jean Casimir-Perier, the elect of the Senate and the Chamber, the new President of the French Republic, is a man of great personal ambition. Above all things, he is jealous of the renown of his family name, made in turn illustrious by his grandfather, the talented minister of Louis Phillippe, and ridiculous by his father, whose colourless and insignificant career Jean has struggled to redeem, until at last his most cherished hope has been fulfilled by his elevation to the eminent office made vacant by the sudden and awful death of President Carnot.

Of Casimir-Perier it has been said that in the prime of life, highly educated, a man of great wealth, high office could at least have no great pecuniary temptation for him, a criticism from which some of his political opponents were not entirely free. This, however, is only partially the truth, according to a friend of mine who was very intimate with the new president in his younger days.

Untempted, no doubt, by the luxuries of the Elysée and undaunted, as a true and loyal Frenchman, by the perils of the Presidency in this modern reign of terror, he is not likely to have overlooked the fact that with the honours and dangers of his new position there comes a salary of £48,000 a year.

A statesman of undoubted ability, enjoying the confidence of foreign powers, straightforward and devoted to duty, with the welfare of his country at heart, Jean Casimir-Perier is the victim of a family failing, which can neither be overlooked nor condoned in a public man—avarice, a shortcoming for which the French have above all things a perfect abhorrence.

Partly on this account, no doubt, M. Casimir-Perier has never been popular with his constituents of the Department of the Aube, and among the population immediately around his large estate of Pont-sur-Seine, he is almost universally disliked. So strongly indeed is this feeling manifest that it is a matter of wonder how regularly he has been returned to the Chamber of Deputies since his father retired from public life. If the truth be known, however, he has more than once been elected with unsubstantial majorities.

It is part of his political philosophy to care nothing for his unpopularity, so long as it does not interfere with his own advancement.

A friend once remonstrated with him on the subject of his utter indifference to unfriendly criticism and loss of prestige.

"My dear fellow," retorted the young statesman, with his usual arrogance, "politics are made of interests and not of sentimentalities. We represent interests only—and so long as these interests find in us useful and trustworthy representatives, we can look upon the rest with perfect calm. It does not pay to play magnifico with the purse."

This was a theory of his own which he did not fail to put into every-day practice as the following anecdote will show:

An old school friend of the new President once fell into very low water, and appealed to him for help in order to meet some of his most pressing obligations.

The young man had recently come into the enormous possessions of his father, and Casimir-Perier had no idea, when his friend was announced, that he had managed within three years to run through his fortune of 3,000,000 francs. He therefore received him with all the warmth that he is capable of, extending his hand to his old chum with that dignity and peculiar condescension which in itself looks like a great favour. It was not long, however, before the dignified Perier began to discover his mistake, and he immediately drew in his horns.

"I must think over your unexpected request, my dear friend," he said, getting up and holding open the door, "and if you will return at four o'clock I will let you know what I am able to do for you."

Thereupon the visitor withdrew. It never occurred to him that his rich friend, then Assistant Secretary of State, would refuse to give him any help, and he supposed that he intended to remit by post or otherwise the small sum which he was ashamed to offer in person.

He was mistaken, however. At four o'clock the unfortunate young man called at the house and received a letter from the footman. It ran thus:

MY DEAR COMRADE,—I sincerely grieve with you over your misfortune; but, alas! one cannot always succour those unfortunates with whom he sympathises. Yours, &c.,

J. C.-P.

Jean Casimir-Perier is a distinguished looking man, tall and handsome, with a drooping cavalry moustache instead of the beard of the average Republican politician. Resolution is stamped on every feature, but although he is undoubtedly a man of unbending determination, there is that about him which suggests a certain lack of energy, and I do not think that he is likely to prove himself a man of action.

He was born in Paris on November 8th, 1847, and went to school at an early age. He was then, as he is at the present time, one who was nothing if not respectable, incapable of a single thing which would not have been absolutely proper and decorous. He was an excellent classical scholar, and gave great credit to his instructors both in rhetoric and philosophy. Beyond this, however, his educational career was not brilliant. In arithmetic, geometry, chemistry, and even geography he was an utter failure to the last.

And on this subject a characteristic anecdote is told. A certain professor was giving a lecture to a class of about seventy students in geography and Oceania was on the programme. The professor turned to Perier and asked him to give the exact position and latitude of the Gambier group.

Perier stood up and folded his arms tightly across his chest, a habit of his in moments of embarrassment. The professor saw at once that he did not know, and slowly accentuating each word gave him the exact position of the islands which belonged to the more important French establishment of Tahiti.

"You ought to know that by heart, Perier," he observed, with a little point of irony, "because it is, thanks to your grandfather, that France acquired the ascendancy in those parts of the world: it was through his efforts and entreaties that the queen of these islands was induced to come to France, and the men of my generation still remember the comic songs which celebrated the event."

Perier blushed considerably, but tightening his arms still firmer, and throwing back his head, he answered proudly, "I confess that I do not know my lesson; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather are concerned, they are so numerous that I am not old enough to know them all."

This typical answer was followed by shouts of "Casimir! oh, Casimir!" from the students, and on all sides they began to sing the song of "A Pomare-Maria," the Queen of Tahita, alluded to by the professor.

No sooner had Perier left school and become a full-fledged lawyer than he was called upon to take up arms for his country. The war of 1870 had broken out, and young Casimir-Perier became a captain in the Mobile Guard of his Department, in which capacity he so distinguished himself that he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. It was in the battle of Bagneux that the commander of his regiment fell mortally wounded, and young Perier, without a moment's thought for his own safety, carried him off the field amid a perfect storm of bullets. This episode of the war has been pictured by Lucien Sergent, and the painting now hangs on the walls of the family villa at Pont-sur-Seine.

Jean is the son of the diplomatist August Casimir Victor Perier, Minister under Thiers, and it was not long after the fall of the Second Empire that he became the leading man in his father's cabinet.

Since he settled down seriously to political life, Jean's doctrines have received three serious oscillations, and he is at the present time what we should call a Liberal-Conservative, the admitted enemy to all enemies of peace and order.

He cannot be described as a great orator and he has never exhibited any of the remarkable talents of his grandfather. At the same time he has from time to time proved himself a statesman of marked ability, and there is no doubt that his success has been to no little extent due to his commanding presence and authoritative bearing which cannot fail to have its effect upon his listeners. His argumentation of a subject is always such as to leave him a clear field for retrocession if occasion arises.

M. Jean Casimir-Perier throughout his life has interested himself in military matters, and it is through his constant efforts that more than one reform has been introduced into the French army. Foremost among these must be mentioned the short term service, by which any young man possessed of his university degrees, or capable of passing certain public examinations, escapes the greater part of his compulsory military service provided that, after remaining one year under the colours, he can show that he is fully competent. He is then entitled to be sent home to be called for in the case of any emergency.

In April, 1874, M. Perier was elected to the Chamber as a Republican, and sat for Nogent-sur-Seine. He was re-elected in 1876. Afterwards he became Under Secretary of State in the Fine Arts and Public Worship Department. M. Perier gave up his seat as a Deputy when the Orleans Princes were deprived of their army rank. A month afterwards, in 1883, he was re-elected, and General Capenon appointed him Under Secretary at the War Office. Eventually he became President of the Chamber of Deputies, President of the Council, and again returned to his post at the head of the Lower House, the duties of which office he was fulfilling until the death of President Carnot by the assassin's knife.

M. Casimir-Perier married his cousin, and he has two children, a boy and a girl, who are both at school.

The founders of the Perier family were wealthy manufacturers of cloth in Dauphiné. The first to make a mark in the world was Claude Perier, who was born in 1742, and left eight sons and two daughters.

His second son, Casimir, was destined to become a shining star in the world of politics and commerce, and after following Napoleon through the campaign of 1789 he retired to Paris, where he established, with his brother, a large banking concern, which is now one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in France, ranking only second to the Rothschild's bank.

M. Jean Casimir-Perier's father, Casimir II., brought down little but ridicule on his own head during his short public life, and his effort to change his name from Perier to Casimir-Perier was the source of a good deal of satirical chaff.

A change of name entails, in France, a great amount of red tape, and the petition has to pass the examination of a special board at the Ministry of Justice. The petition in this case was couched in pompous terms, unmistakably written by the Periers, praying the commission to allow them to add to their patronymic Perier the prefix of Casimir, in order, the request said, to perpetuate among his people the memory of an illustrious Frenchman.

Now Jean's father was wont to wear a very elaborately embroidered waistcoat, made of a material known in the trade as casimir, although for some years it had gone out of fashion. This was nothing short of affectation on his part. He wore it merely because his father (the new President's grandfather) had worn one. He had not his great abilities but at least he could be as faultlessly attired.

One of the judges sitting at the commission board took advantage of this, and gave Casimir II. a dig in the ribs which he certainly deserved. For some time he objected to the petition, but finally he gave way rather reluctantly with the remark, "Let it be then and allow M. Perier to be hereafter M. Casimir-Perier; the two names to be indissolubly linked together. Nevertheless I cannot refrain from saying that in spite of the change M. Perier will never, I am convinced, have anything in common with his talented father, save, maybe, the style of his casimir waistcoat."

M. Jean Casimir-Perier, in spite of his own unpopularity and his father's insignificance, has come to the front in the world of politics by leaps and bounds, and he owes not a little to the Panama scandals which, disgraceful though it is to admit it, dealt most of the political leaders of the Third Republic a fatal blow.

His greatest ambition has now been fulfilled. As the new political Messiah, he has found for himself new riches and honour, he has outshone even the great Casimir, and personally reburnished the tarnished fame of his family.

No one will be surprised if before another year is out he is content to retire on his laurels, having written his name across a short and peaceful chapter in the annals of his country, following one broken off in the midst of its prosperity by the miscreant Santo, the servant of nineteenth century anarchy.

A WOMAN cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home, and whispering through the keyhole, "Is that you, Willie?"

Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open, and a revolver under his pillow.

AGENT: "What was the matter with your last place?"

Domestic: "The couple had only been married a month, and I couldn't stand the love-making."

Agent: "Well, here's a chance in a house where the couple have been married ten years."

Domestic: "That's too long; I like quiet and peace."

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*Signature*_____

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, September 14th, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, September 22nd, 1894. (See column 3, page 155.)

A CHERISHED DOCUMENT.

THE simple people of Alsace, who retain in their hearts a strong love for France, at the same time that they are desirous not to offend their German rulers too much, have a hard time of it when they are brought to the ballot-box to vote for representatives in the German Parliament. In one election in a certain Alsatian district the two candidates were Kablé, an Alsatian of French sympathies, who had protested against the annexation after the war of 1870, and a German.

On election day a peasant came to the polling place, which was presided over by a German official. The peasant had in one hand a ticket on which was printed the name of Kablé, and in the other a ticket bearing the name of the German candidate.

"Mein Herr," he said to the German election officer, "will you tell me which of these two tickets is the better one?"

The officer looked at them.

"Why, this is much preferable," said he, indicating the German's ticket.

"Ah, I thank you!" answered the peasant. "I will keep it next my heart."

He folded it carefully and put it in his inside coat pocket.

"As for this other," said he, with an air of putting it away from him as an unworthy thing, "I will leave it here!"

And he put the Kablé ticket in the ballot box.

ENGLISH MIRAGES.

IN 1806 the whole of Dover Castle was brought over and placed on the Ramsgate side of the hill situated between the two places, and the mirage was so strong that the hill itself could not be seen through it. In 1798, at Hastings, the French coast, which is forty or fifty miles distant, was as distinctly seen as through the best glasses; as the cliffs gradually appeared more elevated, the sailors and fishermen pointed out and named the different places they had been accustomed to visit, such as the Bay, the windmill at Boulogne, Saint Valerie, and other places on the coast of Picardy.

From the eastern cliff one gentleman saw at once Dungeness, Dover cliffs, and the French coast all the way from Calais to Boulogne, on to Saint Valerie, and, as some of the fishermen affirmed, as far as Dieppe. The day was extremely hot, without a breath of wind.

On another occasion the town of Dieppe became visible, though sixty miles distant.

A few years ago a boy observed at Flambro' "fields and hedges and houses over the sea," but they gradually melted away before anyone else had seen them. This interesting spectacle is very rare in this part of the country. The boy was filled with amazement at what he had witnessed, but, unfortunately, could give no accurate description of the scene.

It is well known that places fifty or sixty miles distant have, by the phenomenon of the mirage, or refraction of the atmosphere, become distinctly visible. It is, therefore, not impossible that on this occasion the coast of Denmark actually became visible to the boy. It would have been interesting to have ascertained the fact, if fact it were, that Flambro', for centuries the stronghold of the Danes, had in the latter half of the nineteenth century been visited, in optical illusion at least, not by the ravaging Viking, bent on plunder and slaughter, but by the very land itself, with its fields, its hedgerows, and its houses, the property of its peaceful inhabitants.

In June, 1885, the inhabitants of Blackpool, in Lancashire, distinctly saw the Isle of Man, with five of its hills, clearly visible for half an hour, although the distance is between sixty and seventy miles.

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*Signature*_____

Sept. 22nd, 1894.

(To be written in ink.)

NOT WANTED.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

No; there didn't seem to be any more use for him, in this world at any rate. You see he was old and shaky—both in mind and body, his daughter used to say, when she thought the deaf old man couldn't hear her. But he did catch what she said sometimes, and his poor, dim eyes would grow dimmer for a moment with a mist that used to clear away in two or three big drops that trickled through his thin, big-jointed fingers as he rested his poor puzzled head on his hands and tried to think why things should be as they were.

They had not always been so. The last ten years of his life were only a confused, blurred sort of picture to him—something like a landscape seen through a telescope out of focus. But beyond them the mists cleared away and the afterglow of a sun that had set for ever lit up a pleasant land whose paths he had trodden with firm tread, and whose vales had echoed with the clear, strong notes of his manhood's life-song.

Yes; life had been a very different matter with him then. He did good work in the factory, and made good money by it, and he had a nice little sum saved up for the rainy days that had come so quickly. That was before Joe Buckley, his daughter's husband, had persuaded him to take it out of the bank and put it into the rotten building society that had only given him back half-a-crown for every hardly-spared pound he had trusted it with.

It was true that Joe and 'Lina had taken him in and promised him a home for life when "t'owd woman" died and took the last of the earth's sunshine with her to heaven; but that arrangement had not worked, somehow.

It was only the stubborn Lancashire pride that kept them from letting him drift into the union, and now things had got so bad that every now and then his dull ears, quickened by a deadly fear, would catch fragments of such sayings as Joe let fall that last fatal day when he came home at dinner time and bluntly told his wife that he had "had a row wi' t' gaffer, and wasn't going back to work."

It was in the angry discussion that followed between Joe and his wife, that Joe let fall the cruel words which broke the old man's cowering spirit for good, and brought home to his fast-clouding mind the one clear, terrible truth that "he wasn't wanted."

"Thou'rt a great lazy lout, and tha'll never stir thysel' to keep a job while tha thinks thy wife 'll work to feed thee."

That was what 'Lina almost screamed at him in her anger and despair at the dreadful prospect of a wageless Saturday, and the hard words roused Joe's blood, and he struck the table and shouted:

"Howd thy lip! I'll work when I like and play when I like. There'd be plenty to eat till I'm workin' again if we didna waste brass feedin' them as should be in t' union!"

In the silence that followed Joe's outburst the angry man and woman heard a little broken moan, and saw the old man's shrivelled frame shrink smaller in the bare, high-backed arm-chair, where he sat blinking through the mist in his eyes at the flickering fire.

'Lina felt a pain at her heart for a moment, for he was her father, after all; and Joe went rather aimlessly into the back-kitchen, as if to end the discussion, but in half-an-hour the cruel words were forgotten, except by the one who was not intended to hear them.

The Union! No, he was old and poor and helpless, and nobody in the world seemed to want him any more, but there was somewhere better than that if he really had to go. It was a fine afternoon, and he thought he would go out for a bit and try and think about it.

It was no intention of his that took him past the workhouse on the outskirts of the town. He only wanted to get into the fields beyond, down there by the river. He could think better there, for the river banks were part of the picture that he could see so clearly when he looked back at the time beyond the mists.

But as he passed that great, cold building, with its high walls and narrow, barred windows, he turned his head away with a shudder, and looked towards the river, sparkling in the bright September sun. He tottered on down the road, stopping every now and then to lean upon his stick while he took fresh breath, and so, by slow stages he made his way out of the town and nearly half-a-mile along the field-path till he came to the shaky little foot-bridge which crossed the river just above the weir.

There had often been a talk about repairing the broken hand-rail of the bridge, and many a one had said that somebody would be drowned through it before it was mended. So it happened that there was quite an outcry when old Binns Hedley's body was found down by the weir the next morning.

It was a sad business, they all said, but, after all, "t' owd mon's time was very nigh," as a gossip said to 'Lina on the day of the funeral over the cake and cheap wine, and perhaps she was right. Nobody missed 'Lina's father after a week or so, and that would not have been the case if some promising lad or lass, or the bread-winner of a family, had stumbled through the rickety hand-rail into the deep, dark water in which the poor old fellow who wasn't wanted in this world had found his way to the next.

HOW THE CHINESE SOLDIER IS PAID.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST JUST NOW.

THE Chinese soldier receives his pay once a month only, and Chinese months, it may be remembered, are much longer than those we are accustomed to reckon by. On the eve of the pay-day, the captain of a company, together with his sergeant-major, goes and receives the amount of money requisite to pay his company from his next superior officer.

This is not paid to him in jingling coins, but in pure silver, which, however, has been broken into somewhat irregular pieces. The whole of the night preceding pay-day is occupied in weighing out for each man the required quantity of silver, and this occupation, as may be easily imagined, is a very tedious one, and only successfully accomplished by infinite care, for here a piece the size of a pin's head has to be chipped off, and there a piece of larger dimensions has to be added to make up weight, and any deviation one way or the other means the loss of perhaps a day's pay or more to some poor defender of the Celestial Empire.

When the process of meting out is accomplished the silver is carefully wrapped in paper, upon which is written the name of the intended recipient. On the following afternoon, the company is mustered, and the sergeant-major divides the money, commencing with the first man in the company, and going on to the last. When this division is concluded the question is asked in stentorian tones: "Has anyone else a claim?" and the customary "No" having promptly been given, the men are then dismissed.

Each one now repairs to the nearest tradesman's shop, where he exchanges his silver. For one tael he receives 1,600 small coins called "cash," perforated in the centre so as to allow of being threaded on a string, and, having received the proper amount, turns homeward with a cheerful mien, but nearly sinking beneath his burden.

The private receives three and a half taels, equal to about nineteen shillings, monthly, out of which he has to provide himself with clothes and food. This, to us, no doubt, seems a very insignificant sum, but we must remember that the whole of a Chinese soldier's subsistence only costs him about one tael, for he lives on rice, absolutely nothing but rice. His clothes, too, also cost but a trifle.

A PERSON asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outward. He answered: "Because there's a hole on the other side."

ADA: "You are a flat, Freddie—nothing more!"

Freddie: "What else could you expect? You sit on me at every possible opportunity."

"THERE is one sign that should be placed over every letter-box in the country."

"What is that?"

"Post no bills."

DAUGHTER: "I love him. He is the light of my life."

Father: "Well, that's all right, but I object to having my house lit up by him after midnight."

AT Monte Carlo a gambler had won the maximum at "Rouge et Noir" three times in succession.

"There's a fellow running off with a splendid handful of bank-notes," said a spectator.

"Oh," carelessly interjected the croupier, "that makes no difference to the bank. It is merely a bit of our money sleeping out for the night."

RESULT OF THE "PIG" COMPETITION.

THE study of pigs seems to have been a favourite one with our competitors, judging by the excellent sketches to hand. Penknives have been forwarded to the following persons:—

W. E. Heselwood, 16, Clarence Street, York; C. Montgomery, Claremont Road, Stains; Lilian Jones, High Street Post Office, C.-on-M., Manchester; C. F. Hobday, 3, Buckingham Road, Margate; C. E. Wiles, 1, Milton Terrace, Hull Road, York; Valentine Walker, 22, Howcroft Street, Bolton; Walter Pugh, 8, Vandyke Street, Lodge Lane, Liverpool; Mrs. Dodd, 66, Malta Road, Leyton, E.; T. Henderson, 14, Cambridge Gardens, Pilrig, Edinburgh; T. Johnson, Station Lane, Birtley, co. Durham; Fred. C. Ashcroft, Lodge Vale, Halliwell, Bolton; Miss A. Passmore, 5, Princes Street, Old Steine, Brighton; C. A. Pooley, Northumberland Lodge, Cheltenham; F. Walshaw, 22, Fielding Street, Liverpool; J. G. Iles, 4, High Street, Swansea; M. Hefferman, 10, Spitfal Terrace, Tipperary; W. Rodd, 44, Lee Street, Plumstead, Kent; W. Codling, jun., 11, Jefferson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. T. Robinson, 83, Norton-street, Radford, Nottingham; F. Moore, Fern Place, Wellhead Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham; J. Dohman, Brighton Villa, Victoria Road, Stechford, near Birmingham; A. Faulkner, 302, Regent Road, Salford, Manchester; W. W. Chilton, 45, Craven Road, Bayswater, N.W.; C. W. Horrocks, Poplar Cottage, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs.; A. S. Page, 19, Mildenhal Road, Clapton, N.E.; K. Way, Ivy House, Hampton-on-Thames; J. H. Bryan, 23, Providence Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees; Rev. R. Walton, Spring Villa, Westgate-in-Weardale, *via* Darlington; J. A. Harrison, 43, Vyner Street, Cambridge Road, N.E.; A. Lawrence, Rye Piece, Bedworth, near Nuneaton; G. B. Reid, 20, Percy Park Road, Tynemouth; G. F. Saunders, 31, Clifton Place, Stapelton Road, Bristol; Arthur Finnier, care of The Bath Stone Firms, Limited, Bath, Somerset; A. Brnce, 54, Bexley Street, Windsor; W. H. Russell, Chillingworth, London Road, Cheltenham; R. Grove, "Bird in Hand" Yard, Bow, E.; A. Spencer Vodder, 7, Armada Terrace, Castledown Road, Plymouth; J. Sutherland, 24, Battle Street, Reading, Berkshire; J. Kirkland, 54, Victoria Street, Burton-on-Trent; Miss Gladys Capon, Inwood House, All Stretton, near Church, Salop; J. R. Millard, 44, Schoolhouse Lane, Brook Street, Ratcliffe, E.; A. Jones, care of Chas. F. Inston, 85, South John Street, Liverpool; Mrs. Emma Gibson, 2, Doynton Street, Highgate, N.; Thomas Jones, 10, Church Street, Llangefni R.S.O.; Lillie Glover, 35, Ilford Road, West Ham, E.; R. Kimmings, 15, Oak Road, Sale, Cheshire; P. P. Hudson, Fulbower Cottage, Cambridge; H. Howcraft, 12, Warstone Terrace, Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; H. M. Attle, 15, Cooks Road, Kennington Park, S.E.; Miss Elsie Eames, Lynch, Midhurst, Sussex.

If you stick to *P.W.* Nothing will trouble you. If you stick to *P.W.* Nothing will trouble you. If you stick to *P.W.* Nothing will trouble you. If you stick to *P.W.* Nothing will trouble you. If you stick to *P.W.* Nothing will trouble you.

Now First Published.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Cleopatra," "The People of the Mist," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. S. HOPE.

SUMMARY.

THE story tells of the life of Don Ignatio, a Mexican Indian, of Santa Cruz, as written by himself, and bequeathed to one Jones, an Englishman, with whom in his declining years he had been most intimate. As we are told in the prologue, Don Ignatio ends his days in a *hacienda* at Santa Cruz, which but twenty years before had been the house of a desperate band of robbers, headed by Don Pedro Moreno.

Ignatio, whose father has been murdered by the Spaniards, grows up with an inborn hatred of the Spanish race and a fierce longing to revenge the wrongs they have done to his people. On his twentieth birthday his godfather tells him that he is the only survivor, in direct descent, of the Aztec emperors, and gives him a trinket made of one half of a heart-shaped emerald, so cunningly sawn that without it no one could imitate the missing half. It is the most valued possession of the Aztec kings, and tradition has said that when the two halves come together the Aztecs shall once more reign in Mexico. Much treasure has been secretly hoarded together to attain that end.

Shortly after, Ignatio is solemnly installed as Holder of the Heart, and first in rank among the fallen people of the Indians, who are ready to suffer anything for him. A deep plot is laid to recover Mexico, but at the last moment it fails through a woman's treachery. Ignatio's treasure is all lost, and he barely escapes with his life.

At Cumarvo, a village distant many days' march from Santa Cruz, whither Ignatio has gone to inspect an ancient scroll, he meets James Strickland, a very powerful man, of English blood, whom he saves from a murderous plot. He also is greeted by Molas, his foster brother, who bears the strange news that in Chiapas, hard by Santa Cruz, in a ruined temple, dwells an old man and his daughter, who is exceedingly beautiful. The old man practises medicine, and is called Zibalbay—his daughter, Maya. Zibalbay is the holder of the other half of the heart-shaped emerald, and he bids Molas tell Ignatio to visit him. Then he gives him much gold, stamped with the symbol of the Heart. On his journey back Molas falls into the hands of Don Pedro Moreno, at Santa Cruz, who robs him of his gold, forces him to say from whence he had obtained it, and then lets him go free.

On the eve of Molas' return Ignatio deciphers the scroll, and next morning sets out with James Strickland to discover the hidden treasure of which the writing gives a clue. It is in an old mine, but two hours' journey from Cumarvo. During the search Ignatio is almost crushed by a falling rock, and saved only by the great strength of Strickland. In fear of death, Ignatio tells him all the mysteries connected with the order of the Heart, initiates him into its ritual and makes him chief lord. He also tells him of his desire to visit the golden city, Heart of the World, the sacred city of the Indians. In ages past, he says, the Indians had quarrelled and split into two parties, the Aztecs, of whom Ignatio was the chief, and those who dwelt around the golden city, of whom Zibalbay was the head. One half of the emerald heart went to each party, and the two factions, so the legend ran, would only be united again when the halves were joined. Ignatio, Strickland, and Molas set out in search of the secret city. They take ship to Frontera. Don José, son of Don Pedro Moreno, is on board. A great storm comes on.

The ship goes down, and only the three companions, a few Indians, and Don José are saved, the latter at imminent risk of death to the others. Here, as always, the Indians show the most unflinching devotion to Ignatio, cheerfully even to the point of death. The shore upon which they are cast is very near to Don Moreno's home at Santa Cruz, and news is brought that Zibalbay and his daughter are imprisoned there.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE HACIENDA."

RETURNING to the place where we had eaten, we found the *alcalde* talking with the sailors as to their plans. On seeing us the boatswain advanced, and said that if it was our pleasure, he and his companions proposed to rest for a few days at the neighbouring *rancho* and then to row the boat along the coast to Campeche, which they hoped in favourable weather to reach in sixty hours, adding that he trusted we would accompany them.

I answered that we wished for no more of the sea at present, and that we intended to pursue our journey to the town of Potrerillo, where we could refit before undertaking an expedition to the ruined city of Yucatan. The boatswain said it was well, though he was sorry that they could not escort us so far, as it was their duty to report the loss of the ship to its owner, who lived at Campeche.

When he heard this the Señor unbuckled the belt of money, which he wore about his waist, and pouring out half a handful of gold pieces, begged the boatswain to accept of them for division between himself and his companions. All this while Don José was sitting close to us, watching everything that passed, and I saw his eyes brighten at the sight of the belt of gold.

"You are fortunate to have saved so much," he said, speaking for the first time. "All that I had has gone down with the ship, yes, three thousand dollars or more."

"You should have followed our example," answered the Señor; "we divided our cash between the three of us and secured it upon our persons, though perhaps you were wise after all, since such a weight of gold might have been awkward if, like you, we had been called upon to swim. By the way, señor, what are *your* plans?"

"If you will allow me," answered the Mexican, "I will walk with you towards Potrerillo, for my home lies on that road. Would you be offended, señor, if, on behalf of my father, I ventured to offer his hospitality to you and your companions?"

"To speak plainly, Don José," said the Señor, "our past experience has not been such as to cause us to desire to have anything more to do with you. May I remind you that, putting aside other matters, last night you attempted to stab me?"

"Señor," answered the man with every sign of contrition, "if I did this it was because terror and madness possessed me, and most humbly do I beg your pardon for the deed, and for any angry and foolish words that I may have spoken before it. Señor, you saved my life and my heart is filled with gratitude towards you, who have thus repaid evil with good. I know that you have heard an ill report of my father, and, to speak truth, at times when the liquor is in him, he is a bad and violent old man, yet he has this virtue, that he loves me, his son, and all those who are kind to me. Therefore in his name and my own, I pray that you will forget the past and accept of our hospitality for some few days, or at least until you have recovered from your fatigue and we can furnish you with arms and horses to help you forward on your journey."

"Certainly we desire to buy mules and guns," answered the Señor, "and if you think that your father will be able to supply these, we will avail ourselves of your kindness and pass a night or two at his *hacienda*."

"Señor, the place is yours and all that it contains," Don José answered with much courtesy; but as he spoke I saw his eye gleam with an evil fire.

"Doubtless," I interrupted, "for I understand that Don Pedro Moreno is famed for his hospitality. Still, in accepting it, I venture to ask for a promise of safe-conduct, more especially as, save for our pistols and knives, we are unarmed."

"Do you wish to insult me, señor?" Don José asked angrily.

"Not in the least, señor, but I find it a little strange that you, who two nights ago refused to sit at meat with 'a dog of an Indian,' should now be anxious to receive that same dog into your home."

"Have I not said that I am sorry for what is past?" he answered, "and can a man do more? Gentlemen, if any evil is attempted towards you in my father's house, I will answer for it with my life."

"That is quite sufficient," broke in the Señor, "especially as in such an event we should most certainly hold you to your bond. And now tell me how far is the *hacienda* from this spot?"

"If we start at once we should reach it at sundown," he answered, "that is on foot, though it is but three hours' ride from the house to the mouth of the river."

"Then let us go," he said, and ten minutes later we were on the road.

Before we went, however, we bade a warm farewell to the sailors, and also to the *alcalde* of the village, all of whom were somewhat disturbed on learning that we proposed to sleep at Santa Cruz.

"The place has an evil name," said the *alcalde*, "and is a home of thieves and smugglers—only last week a cargo that never paid duty went up the river. They say that Don Pedro was fathered by the devil in person; may the Saints protect you from him, lord!"

"We have business that takes us to this house, friend," I answered; "but doubtless it will be easy for you to keep yourself informed of what chances in that neighbourhood, and if we should not appear again within a few days, perhaps it will please you to advise the authorities at Campeche that we are missing."

"The authorities are afraid of Don Pedro," answered the *alcalde* shaking his head, "also he bribes them so heavily that they grow blind when they look his way. Still I will do the best I can, be sure of that, and as an *Inglese* is with you, it is possible that I may be able to get help if necessary."

Our walk that day was long and hot, though we had nothing to carry except the clothes on our backs, all our possessions having been lost in the ship. At noon we halted, and the heat being great, ate some food that we had brought with us, and slept two hours in the shade, which sleep was most grateful, for we were weary. Then we rose and tramped on, till at length we came within sight of this *hacienda*, where, though I little guessed it at the time, I was fated to spend so many years of my life.

Walking through a large *milpa*, or corn field, that in front of the building which is now planted with coffee bushes, we reached the gateway and entered the courtyard, where we were met by many fierce dogs which rushed upon us from all sides. Don José beat back the dogs, that knew him, and leaving us under the charge of some half-breeds, he entered the house.

After a while he returned again and led us through the passages into the dining-hall, which as you know is the largest room in the *hacienda*, and in former days served as the refectory of the monks. Several lamps were hung upon its walls, for already it grew dark, and by their light we saw five or six people gathered round a long table waiting for supper, which was being laid by Indian girls. Of these men it is sufficient to say that they were of mixed nationality and villainous appearance. Turning from them, we looked towards the far end of the chamber, where a hammock was slung from the beams in the roof, in which lay a man whom a handsome girl, also an Indian, was employed in rocking to and fro.

"Come and be introduced to my father, who expects you," said Don José, leading the way towards the hammock. "Father, here is that brave Englishman who saved my life last night, and with him the Indian gentleman, who—did not wish to save my life. As I told you, I have offered them hospitality on your behalf, feeling sure that they would be welcome here."

At the sound of his son's voice Don Pedro awoke, or pretended to awake, from his doze, and bade the girl cease swinging the hammock. Then he sat up and looked at us. He was a short stout man of about sixty years of age, so short indeed that, although the hammock was slung low, his legs did not touch the floor. Notwithstanding this lack of stature, Don Pedro's appearance was striking, while his long carefully brushed white hair gave him a venerable aspect.

Other beauties he had none, however, for his cheeks were flabby and wrinkled, his mouth was cruel and sensuous, and his dull eyes, which were small, half opened, and protected from the glare of the lamps by spectacles of tinted glass, can best be described as horrible, like those of a snake. Looking at him we could well believe that his reputation was not exaggerated, for he bore the stamp of evil on his face. Still he bowed with much courtesy and addressed the Señor in Spanish.

"So you are the Englishman who saved my son here from the sinking ship," he said in a slow, powerful voice, peering at us with his fish-like eyes from beneath the coloured glasses. "He tells me that you rowed back to the side of the foundering vessel merely in order to fetch him. Well, it was a brave deed and one that I should not have dared myself, for I have always found it hard enough to keep my own breath in me without attempting to preserve that of other people. But as I have seen several times, you Englishmen are peculiar in these matters, foolhardy indeed. Señor, I am grateful to you, and this house and all within it is at your disposal and that of your companions," and he glanced with genuine affection at the coarse beetle-browed man beside him, who was gnawing one end of his moustache and staring at us out of the corners of his eyes.

"Tell me," he added, "to what do I owe the honour of your presence?"

"To an accident, Don Pedro," the Señor answered. "As it chances the ruins of this ancient land interest me much, and I was travelling to Palenque with my Indian friend, Don Ignatio, when we were so unfortunate as to be wrecked near your hospitable house. In our dilemma we accepted the invitation of your son to visit you, in the hope that you may be able to sell us some guns and mules."

"Ruins, Señor Strickland! Decidedly you Englishmen are strange. What pleasure can you find in hunting about among old walls, built by men long dead, unless indeed you seek for treasure there. For my part I hate the name of ruins, for I have always suffered from a presentiment that I should meet my end among them, and that is bad to think of. Bah!"—and he spat upon the floor—"there, it comes upon me again, suddenly as a fit of the ague."

"Well," he went on, "you are lucky to have saved your lives and your money, and to-morrow we will see about the things that you desire to buy. Meanwhile, you are travel-stained and doubtless will wish to cleanse yourselves before you eat. José, conduct the Señor and his Indian friend, since he is so fond of his company, to their room, the abbot's chamber. Supper will be served shortly, till then, *adios*. Girl, go with them," he added, addressing the woman who had been engaged in swinging the hammock, "water may be wanted and other things."

The woman bowed and went away, and at the door we found her standing lamp in hand to light us down the passage.

Now, Señor Jones, you, for whom I write my history, have so often slept in the abbot's chamber in this house that it is needless for me to stop to describe it. Except for the furniture, the room is just as it was in those days. Then it was empty save for a few chairs, a rough washing-stand, and two truckle bedsteads of American make, which were placed at a little distance from each other on either side of the picture of the abbot.

"I fear that you will think this a poor place, after the luxury of Mexico, gentlemen," said Don José, "but it is our guest chamber, the best that we have."

"Thank you," answered the Señor, "it will do very well, though perhaps your visitors suffer sometimes from nightmare," and he glanced at the awful and life-sized picture on the south wall of an Indian being burnt at an *auto-da-fé*, while devils hanging above his head dragged the soul from his tortured and expiring body.

"Pretty, are they not?" said Don José; "I would have them whitewashed over, but my father likes them. You see all the victims are Indians, there isn't a white man among them, and the old man never could bear Indians. Well, when you are ready, will you come to supper; you will not lose the way for you can follow the smell of the food," and he left the room.

"One moment," I said addressing the girl, who was about to accompany him, "perhaps you will see that our servant," and I pointed to Molas, "has some meat brought to him here, since your masters will not wish him to sit at table."

"*Si*," answered the girl, whose name was Luisa, searching my face with her eyes.

By this time Don José was through the door, which the draught pushed to behind him. I watched it close, then a thought struck me, for I remembered that among our Order there are women, associates of the outer circle, and I whispered some words into her ear and made a sign with my hand. She started and gave the ancient answer, which is taught even to children, whereto I replied with another sign, that of the Presence of the Heart.

"*Where?*" she asked glancing at each of us in turn.

"*Here*," I answered, and, drawing out the symbol, I held it before her eyes.

She saw and made obeisance, and at that moment we heard Don José calling her from the further side of the door.

"I come," she cried in answer, then added in a whisper: "Lord, you are in danger in this house. I cannot tell you now, but if possible I will return. The wine is safe but drink no coffee, and do not sleep when you lie down. Search the floor and you will understand the reason. I come, señor! I come!" and she fled from the room.

So soon as the girl was gone, the Señor James went to the door and locked it, then he returned and said:

"What does all this mean, Ignatio?"

I did not answer, but, pushing aside one of the beds, I searched the floor beneath it. It was discoloured in several places. Next I pulled the blankets off the beds and examined

The summary is short, but sufficient. With its help you can begin this—Mr. Rider Haggard's last and best romance—to-day.

the webbing that formed the mattresses to discover that this also was stained, though slightly, for it had been washed. Then I said:

"Men have died in these beds, Señor, and yonder stains were made by their blood. It would seem that the guests of Don Pedro sleep well, first they are drugged, then they are murdered, and it is for this purpose that we have been lured to the house. Well, we expected nothing else."

"That is a pleasing prospect," he answered, "we are this man's guests, surely therefore he will not——" and he drew his hand across his throat.

"Certainly he will, Señor, and it is to this end that we have been brought here by Don José. If others have been murdered, it is not likely that we shall escape, since Don Pedro will be sure that an *Inglese* would not travel without a large sum of money. Moreover, we have a quarrel with the son, and know too much about the father."

"Again I say that the prospect is a pleasant one," answered the Señor. "On the whole it would have been better to be drowned than to live on to be butchered by those villains in this awful place. What an end!"

"Do not despair," I answered. "We are warned in time and therefore, I think, shall escape by the help of that girl and the other Indians in the place, since in an hour every one of them will know who we are, and be prepared to risk their lives to save us. Now let us make ready and go among these men with a bold face, for of this you may be sure, that nothing will be attempted till late at night when they think us sleeping. Have you understood, Molas?"

"Yes," answered the Indian.

"Then watch here, or in the outer room till we return, and should the girl come, learn all you can from her as to the whereabouts of the old doctor and his daughter, and other matters, for when she knows you to be of the Order she will speak. Have you been recognised by anyone?"

"I think not, Señor. When we entered it was too dark for them to see."

"Good. Then keep out of their way if possible, do the best you can with the girl, and take note of all that passes. Farewell."

When we reached the dining hall, nine of the company were already seated at the table impatient for their food, but Don Pedro was still sitting in his hammock engaged in earnest conversation with his son José. Of those at the table but one was a white man, a lanky withered looking person with a broken nose, whose general appearance filled us with disgust. The rest were half-breeds, the refuse of revolutions, villains who had escaped the hand of justice and who lived by robbery and murder.

Looking at these outcasts it became clear to us that if once we fell into their power, we could expect little mercy at their hands, for they would think no more of butchering us in cold blood than does a sportsman of shooting a deer.

When Don Pedro perceived us, he slid from his hammock to the ground and, taking the Señor by the hand, he said:

"Let me introduce you to my overseer, the Señor Smith, from Texas. He is an American and will be glad to meet one who can speak English, for, notwithstanding much practice, his Spanish is none of the best."

The Señor bowed and the American desperado spoke to him in English, wearing a grin on his face like that of a wicked dog as he did so, though I do not know what he said. Then Don Pedro conducted his guest to a place of honour at the head of the table, that beside his own seat, while I was led to another table at a little distance, where my meat was served to me alone, since as an Indian of pure blood I was not thought fit for the company of these cross-bred curs. Don José having taken his place at the further end of the board with the Americano, the meal began, and an excellent one it was.

Now in the conversation that ensued I took no part, except when members of the gang called to me to drink wine with them, for they desired to make me drunk, but while I pretended to be occupied with my meat, I thought much and watched more. The talk that passed I set down as I overheard it and as it was reported to me by the Señor.

"Try some more of this Burgundy," said Don Pedro when the dishes had been removed, filling his tumbler for the seventh or eighth time, "it is the right stuff straight from France, though it never paid duty," and he winked his leaden eye.

"Your health, Señor, and may you live to do many such brave deeds as that of yesterday, when you saved my son from the sea. By the way, do you know that on board the *Santa Maria* they said that you had the evil eye and brought her to wreck;—yes, and your long-faced companion, the Indian, also?"

"Indeed, I never heard of it before," answered the Señor with a laugh; "but if so, our evil eyes shall not trouble you for long, as we propose to continue our journey to-morrow."

"Nonsense, friend, nonsense, you don't suppose that I believe in that sort of rubbish, do you? We say many things that we do not believe just for a joke; thus," and he raised his voice so that I could hear him at my table, "your companion there—is he not named Ignatio?—told a story to my disadvantage on board the ship, which I am sure that he did not believe," and suddenly he stared at me and added insolently: "Is it not so, Indian?"

"If you seek my opinion, Don Pedro," I answered, leaning forward and speaking very clearly, "I say that it is unprofitable to repeat words that are said, or to remember deeds that are done with. If I spoke certain words, or if in the past you did certain deeds, here beneath your hospitable roof is not the place to recall them."

"Quite so, Indian, quite so, you talk like an oracle, as Montezuma used to talk to Cortes till the Conqueror found a way to teach him plain speaking—a great man, Cortes, he understood how to deal with Indians." Then he spat upon the floor and having looked down the table, spoke to the Señor in a somewhat anxious voice.

"Tell me," he said, "for your sight is better than mine, how many are there present here to night?"

"Counting my friend, thirteen," he answered.

"I thought so," said our host with an oath, "and it is too late to mend matters now. Well, may the Saints, and they should be thick about a monastery, avert the omen. I see you think me a fool."

"Not at all," he replied; "I am rather superstitious myself and dislike sitting down thirteen to table."

"So do I, so do I, Señor Strickland. Listen; last time we dined thirteen in this room, there were two travellers here, Americanos, friends of Don Smith, who were trying to open up a trade in these parts. They drank more than was good for them, and the end of it was that in the night they quarrelled and killed each other, yonder in the abbot's chamber, where you are sleeping, poor men, poor men! There was trouble about the matter at the time, but Don Smith explained to his countrymen and it came to nothing."

"Indeed," answered the Señor; "it was strange that two drunken men should kill each other."

"So I say, Señor. In truth for a while I thought that Indians must have got into their room and murdered them, but it was proved beyond a doubt that this was not so. Ah! they are a wicked people, the Indians; I have seen much of them and I should know. Now the Government wishes to treat them too well. Our fathers knew better how to deal with them, but luckily the arm of the Government scarcely reaches here, and no whining *padres* or officials come prying about my house, though once we had some soldiers," and he cursed at the recollection and drank another glass of Burgundy.

"I tell you that they are a wicked people," he went on, "the *demonios* their fathers worshipped still possess them, also they are secret and dangerous; there are Indians now who know where vast treasures are buried, but they will tell nothing.

"Yes," and suddenly growing excited under the influence of the strong drink, he leaned over and whispered into his guest's ear, "I have one such in the house at this moment, an old *Lacandone*, that is, an unbaptised Indian, not that I think him any the worse for that, and with him his daughter, a woman more beautiful than the night—perhaps if I go on liking you, Englishman, I will show her to you to-morrow, only then I should have to keep you, for you would never go away. Beautiful! yes, she is beautiful, though a devil at heart. I have not dared to let these little ones see her," and he winked and nodded towards the villains at the table, "but José is to pay her and her papa a visit to-night, and he won't mind her tempers, though they frighten me.

"Well, would you believe it, this girl and her old father know of enough treasure to make every man of us here rich as the Queen of England. How do I know that? I know it because I heard it from their own lips, but fill your glass and take a cigar and I will tell you the story."

(To be continued next week.)

THE countryman who spoke of an exploded company as being "in the hands of a deceiver" was wise in his generation.

AMY: "What makes young De Swim scowl so all the while?"

Jack: "He has to, you know, in order to make his eye-glass stay on."

JOHNNY: "What does the paper mean, pa, by saying that Mr. Tomlinson bore the loss of his handsome property by fire very philosophically?"

Johnny's Pa: "Umph! It means that he was insured."

TWENTIETH CENTURY POLITICS.—Mrs. Brown-Jones: "Mrs. Smythe is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?"

Mrs. Jones-Brown: "It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age."

YOUNG POET (to Friend): "Well, Charley, I've sworn off."

Friend (enthusiastically): "I'm heartily glad of it, old boy; and all your friends will feel the same. Let's go and have a drink."

Young Poet: "Didn't I just tell you I had sworn off drinking?"

Friend (disappointed): "You didn't say you had sworn off drinking. I supposed that you had sworn off writing poetry. Good-bye."

VISITOR: "I understand you want some painting done."

Editor: "Yes, I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I throw them out; but as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this:

DON'T SLAM THE DOOR.

DISAPPOINTED.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the portion of ninety-nine of every hundred of the men who hasten to places from which come reports of great "strikes" and "finds" of gold and silver. A correspondent writes that in Australia he has more than once seen expressions of indignation and disappointment tacked to trees by the wayside as a late warning to others on the way to some fancied El Dorado.

One such notice, printed in blue ink on a sheet of brown wrapping paper, was tacked to a pine-tree at the entrance to a mountain gulch. It read as follows:

"GO BACK!
It is all a big lie!
There is nothing in this whole gulch but deserted prospect holes, and busted miners!
GO BACK, OR STARVE!"

A deep-seated desire for vengeance was mingled with the warning expressed in the following notice painted on the smooth surface of a mighty boulder, beside a mountain trail worn smooth by the weary feet of miners and prospectors on their way to a gulch in which there was a false "boom."

"£1,000 REWARD
FOR THE
LIAR
Who started the rumour of gold in this gulch!"

A rudely-sketched skull and cross-bones gave grim significance to a third notice that the writer once saw tacked to a stake held upright by stones piled round it on a mountain side. Below was a demand to know where was "the man who says that there is gold within a hundred miles of this spot!"

THE BAUBLE WHICH GOVERNS US.

THERE are certain odd forms of proceeding connected with our legislative assemblies of which it may be presumed that very few but those acquainted with the details of Parliamentary business have any notion. Many persons, for instance, may have seen, while standing in the Lobby of the House of Commons, Mr. Speaker in his robes, enter, preceded by a tall gentleman with a wig, and a sword by his side, carrying on his shoulder a heavy gilt club surmounted by a crown—in short, a mace; but few people know how important this toy is to the legislative duties of their representatives.

Be it known, then, that without it the House of Commons does not exist—and that it is as essential that the mace should be present at the deliberations of our senate as that Mr. Speaker should be there himself; without a Speaker the House never proceeds to business, and without his mace Mr. Speaker cannot take the chair.

At the commencement of a session, and before the election of a Speaker, this valuable emblem of his dignity is hidden under the table of the House, while the clerk of the table presides during the election; but no sooner is the Speaker elected than it is drawn from its hiding-place, and deposited on the table, where it ever after remains during the sitting of the House; at its rising, Mr. Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping.

This important question of the Speaker's duty in retaining constant possession of what may be called his gilt walking-stick, was most gravely decided in the year 1763, as appears by the journals of the House of Commons.

On that occasion, Sir John Cust, the Speaker, being taken ill, sent to tell the House, by the clerk at the table, that he could not take the chair. It appears that there was considerable discussion whether the mace ought not to have been in the House when this important communication was made.

No one, however, presumed to say that it ought to have been *on* the table; but many maintained that it ought, for the dignity of the House, to have been underneath it. It was decided, however, that Mr. Speaker had done quite right not to part with his bauble, and the House accordingly, as the journals inform us, "adjourned themselves without the mace."

For a member to cross between the chair and the mace, when it is taken from the table by the sergeant-at-arms, is an offence which it is the Speaker's duty to reprimand.

If, however, a prisoner is brought to the bar to give evidence or receive judgment, he is attended by the sergeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulder, and, however desirous any member may be to ask the prisoner a question, he cannot do so, because the mace is not *on* the table; he must therefore write down his questions before the prisoner appears, and propose them through the Speaker, who is the only person allowed to speak when his bauble is away.

If the House resolve itself into a committee, the mace is thrust *under* the table, and Mr. Speaker leaves his chair. In short, much of the deliberative proceedings of this branch of the Legislature are regulated by the position in which this important piece of furniture is placed. To use the words of the learned Hatsell, "when the mace lies *upon* the table, it is a *House*; when *under*, it is a *Committee*. When the mace is *out* of the House, no business can be done; when *from* the table and *upon* the sergeant's shoulder, the Speaker alone manages." The mace, then, may be called the household god of the House of Commons, without the presence of which good fortune could hardly attend its deliberations.

Among your friends are probably some great admirers of Mr. Rider Haggard's wonderful romances. By telling them of "Heart of the World" you would be doing both them and us a service.

FICTION.

HOW TO PROPOSE.

To fall upon a Turkey rug
  Before her pretty feet,
Protesting that the whole world holds
  No treasure half so sweet;
To squander stamps and choke the post
  With daily billet-doux,
That breathe devotion fond and deep—
  Is that the way to woo?

No, never say a word of love,
  But whisper in her ear
The splendour of your pedigree,
  And what you have a year—
The colours of your handsome coach,
  The beauty of the view
Commanded by your priceless house
  A-down the avenue.

Her heart is sure to melt and thaw
  Before the cheering rays,
Of this new light which seems to show
  That matrimony pays,
And when at last her hopes have turned
  Unconsciously to you,
Be bold and ask her for her hand,
  For that's the way to woo.

A CYCLONE HOUSE.—Jackson Peters, who was sitting in the smoking room of the Grand Hotel, talking with an American acquaintance, leaned back in his chair and slowly blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Mr. Denver," he said, "I want to ask your opinion in regard to the probability of a story which was told me the other day."

"Well, sir?" was the guarded reply of the cautious Denver.

"It struck me," continued Peters, "that a man who had told as many—that is to say, a man who has told as much of what I may call awe-inspiring truth as you have, ought to be a good judge of the probability of a story. It was a cyclone story, related by one of your veracious countrymen, which I was going to ask you about."

"Most cyclone stories are palpable lies."

"No doubt. The point is this: He said he had seen straws driven through inch boards by the force of the wind."

"It never happened, sir. That is a stock lie told of every cyclone that blows. Your friend imposed upon your youth, my boy. He would never have dared to tell such a manifest and self-heralding lie to Robinson or Smith. I must admit, though, that the force of the wind in a genuine cyclone is considerable.

"When I lived in Kansas, in the '70's, I had a quantity of poultry, but it was all blown away in the first cyclone of the season except one black Spanish rooster. He clung to a grass root with his bill, and allowed his tail to crack and whip in the wind like a yacht pennant. He rode out the gale, though most of his feathers were blown off. Subsequently I found some of them imbedded over half an inch in my grindstone."

"Yes," returned Peters, "I presume my friend was trying to impose on my adolescence."

"I think so. I had considerable experience with cyclones that summer in Kansas. But I learned to handle myself, so that I did not mind them much. I soon saw the fallacy of depending on cyclone cellars and that sort of thing. The fundamental difficulty with all such things is that you try to hold yourself firmly in one place. It is as if a ship in a gale should tie up to a post (supposing mid-ocean posts for the time being) instead of riding before the tempest.

"The first cyclone that summer, I, of course, went down to the cellar like other folks. My house was soon blown away, but I crouched in the cellar and felt safe. The next thing I knew, the cellar went too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labour I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation I found that had blown away also. I then followed the example of the rooster, clung to a root, and allowed my legs to flutter and snap in the gale like a weather signal flag.

"When the wind subsided, towards the night, and objects began to come down—a haystack here, a man there, a waggon somewhere else—I set myself to work on a plan to prevent any such awkward occurrence in the future.

"Applying the principle of non-resistance, I constructed a spherical house about twelve feet in diameter. It was an exact ball, covered with light boiler plates, and with iron shutters for the windows and doors. It was not the most convenient house inside; but by fitting it up like a ship—that is, utilising every inch of space, no matter where it was, for some purpose—it did very well. I had a bunk on one side for sleeping purposes, with straps to hold myself in.

"The first cyclone came up one afternoon while I was hoeing my water-melons. Tucking my faithful rooster under my arm, I retired to my house and closed the shutters. I got into the bunk, taking the rooster with me, and strapped myself in. We got off in about ten minutes, rolling easily at first, but bounding along with greater rapidity after we had gone a short distance.

"The motion was peculiar, but not so violent as that of an Atlantic liner. It was pleasanter when we were moving at right angles to the plane of my bunk than when parallel to it, as in the latter case we were standing on our heads a good part of the time. The rooster did not mind it so much as I feared he would, and occasionally I could hear him crowing lustily under the clothes.

"I fell into a light sleep after awhile. When I awoke the motion seemed much steadier, though there was an occasional terrific bump. I peeped through a small crack and saw the reason. The wind had greatly increased, and we were being carried through the air near the ground, only striking on high places. Afterwards we settled down to a fast roll on a long, level prairie. We passed several ordinary houses, which, being square-cornered, could not make so good time. I could see that the face of nature was being furrowed up, and the landscape blown about right and left.

"I held my rooster up and let him peep out. He crowed and flapped his wings heroically as we easily passed a large Episcopal church which was pitching heavily and making poor time, owing to the fact that the steeple was ploughing into the ground every few hundred yards. We crossed the Arkansas river with one bound, and shortly after rolled into a little gully and lodged there.

"The wind soon quieted down. Leaving my rooster on the dressing table, I went out, and ascertained from a man who had just come up from a deep well that we were in the Indian territory. Fortunately a cyclone came along from the other direction two days later and blew us back home. When I released my rooster he went back and began scratching in the garden as if nothing had happened."

"How did you stop at your farm?" inquired Peters.

"Mr. Peters," replied the truthful Denver, "your mania for inquiry has struck you too late. You should have become inquisitorial yesterday, when your friend told you of observing hay in the act of perforating heavy lumber. You show a lack of the ability to judge of historical values when, after swallowing that story like a three-year-old child, you begin to demand sordid details of a plain tale from the prairies like mine."

MUTUAL FRIEND: "It really is shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him."

Injured Wife: "What! Go away, and leave him alone to do just as he likes? Not me."

CUSTOMER: "Is my portrait done?"

Artist: "Not quite. I'll have it ready to-morrow."

Customer: "But you have been four weeks at it already. How much have you done?"

"Oh, I've got my name done. I shall begin on the portrait in the morning."

MRS. BILLUS: "Mary, I am tired of your carelessness. Only look at all that dust lying about on the furniture; it is six months old at the very least."

Mary (very dignified): "Then it is no fault of mine. Madam knows very well that I have had the honour of being in her service for the last three months only."

A COUNTRY yokel, about to be married, arrived at the church rather earlier than the stated hour. Thinking the bride a long time, he became agitated, and commenced pacing up and down the vestry. The clerk, seeing his discomfiture, whispered to him:

"Have patience, man, have patience."

"Have Patience? Not I," blurted out the bridegroom. "I came for Sal, and I'll have Sal," thinking the clerk referred to his future sister-in-law, Patience by name.

THE TEACHER: "There is one of my brightest boys sitting over there writing, while his companions are wasting their time in idle play. No doubt he is writing his lessons for to-morrow. Here, Jimmy, let me see what you are writing."

Jimmy: "No'm; I don't want to."

Teacher: "Ah, see his modesty! Come, I want to read it."

This is what he read: "Please excuse my son James from school to-day, as he is needed at home."

THE NEGRO AND THE HORSE.—There is a time for everything, and the secret of success in life lies in doing things at just the right minute.

A veterinary surgeon had occasion to instruct a coloured stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He was to get a common tin tube—a bean blower—put a dose of the medicine in it, insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth, and blow vigorously into the other end, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat. Half an hour afterwards the coloured man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor, with some concern.

"Why, boss, dat hoss he—he blew fast!"

FACTS.

LONDON pays 42 per cent. of the income-tax of England and Wales, and its government and management cost about £11,000,000 a year.

SEWING machines driven by electric motors have been fitted up in a large costume establishment in Paris. The current is obtained from the street mains.

NEW ZEALAND has set apart two islands for the preservation of its remarkable wild birds and other animals; thereon all hunting and trapping are forbidden.

A PERSON who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the centre of disturbance is quite near him.

A HUNDRED tons of cats' tails were recently sold in one lot for the purpose of ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. Assuming that an average cat's tail would weigh a couple of ounces this would mean that no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had been killed just to supply this one deal alone.

AN important article of trade in Morocco is loaf-sugar, which is in general demand for presents. Every person approaching a superior whose favour or goodwill it is desired to propitiate is bound to bring a gift. He cannot appear empty-handed, and the form that is most commonly taken by the gift is loaf-sugar.

BELFAST is the great tea drinking city of the United Kingdom. Everybody, high and low, drinks tea of the finest quality. The merits of different brands are a continual subject of discussion, and the stately mansions of tea-merchants, which are rising everywhere in the suburbs, testify to the prosperity of the trade.

THE Government of Saxony has adopted a novel method of securing the payment of taxes. The names of persons who did not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in all the restaurants and saloons. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink under penalty of losing their licenses.

THE English sheep's heavy fleece is needed to protect the animal from our variable climate; but as no such need exists in Australia, it is curious to note how Nature is tempering the lamb to the warmer wind. The fleeces of the Australian muttons steadily become lighter, though the flocks may be originally of English breed, and the growers lose in proportion.

TAKING the length of the permanent railways on the surface of the globe at nearly sixty thousand geographical miles, with a daily average of ten trains, it is estimated that the total loss suffered by wear and tear each day by the metallic rails of the earth is about six hundred tons. The six hundred tons are lost in the form of a fine powder, and are carried back to the earth in the shape of soluble iron salts.

LADYBIRDS are known at home as great wheat pest destroyers. In America and the colonies also they are numbered among "friendly insects." The Australian ladybird (*Vedalia cardinalis*) has cleared the Californian orange orchards of their most deadly enemy, and one of the field agents of the Entomological Division of the United States Department of Agriculture has lately visited the Australian colonies in search of friendly ladybirds and other insects which feed upon the scales and aphides that so greatly trouble the American fruit-growers.

NEAR Horn Head, in county Donegal, there is a remarkable natural hole in the rocks of the sea coast, which is known all over Britain as "M'Swiney's gun." It is believed to be connected with a sea cavern. When the sea "runs full" the "gun" sends up jets of water to a height of more than 100 feet, each spouting being followed and preceded by loud explosions. The "gun" is a perfectly smooth hole about ten inches in diameter, and its history can be traced back to the first settling of the country. No one seems to know, however, how it got the name of "M'Swiney's gun."

NOT so long since a stowaway was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National Line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the steamer left Liverpool, and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled, "Doomed on the Deep." Another singular coincidence happened in America. A pleasure party were overturned and drowned on the Hudson River. Just before the accident they had been singing, "Lost in the Wreck." More recently a person was charged with abstracting a book from one of Messrs. Smith's bookstalls, and when arrested two volumes were found in his possession, one of which was entitled, "Found Out."

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSE-BREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to Sept. 25th, 1894, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 151, and against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 152.

Nicholas Paul

It is all very well for scientific men to talk about Nature's Laws, and the centre of gravity; but having found it, how long can you keep it with *P. W.* in your hand? especially when you come to this page.

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

An S.E.R. Puzzle. THE chief arithmetician on the S.E.R. does not do his sums by the Rule of Three, or as it is more commonly called nowadays, Proportion. At least, if he does he seldom gets them right. For instance. A first-class return ticket to Gomshall, Surrey, on the S.E.R. costs 7s. 6d. Gomshall is thirty-five miles by rail from the terminus. A first-class return ticket to Purley, on the same line costs 4s. 9d. Purley is only thirteen miles from London. Thus the S.E.R.

Ask a schoolboy, "If seventy miles cost 7s. 6d., what ought twenty-six to cost?" and he will tell you 2s. 9d. odd. Again taking the present figures, we find that it costs the S.E.R. 4s. 9d. to carry a person to Purley and back; 7s. 6d. to Gomshall and back. Subtract the less from the greater, and to go from Purley to Gomshall and back ought to cost 2s. 9d. The railway company charges 6s. 8d. Suppose then a passenger wishes to break his journey at Purley, and afterwards to go on to Gomshall. It costs him 11s. 5d., or practically 4s. more than if he went direct. Why? I should like to know.

The Dates on Tickets. Is a passenger liable to a fine if he travels with the return half of a ticket after the date allowance has expired? This is a question which I am often asked by correspondents. In the Divisional Court, recently, a gentleman successfully appealed against the validity of a bye-law of the North Staffordshire Railway Company, under which he had been convicted for riding without a ticket. It was admitted that he had no intention to defraud, but had used the return half of a first-class ticket without noticing that it was out of date. The court held the bye-law (which was so framed that a ticketless passenger could be prosecuted who had no intention to avoid payment) void, as repugnant to the Act of 1845, and quashed the conviction.

However, if a man cannot legally be punished for travelling with a ticket which is out of date, it is not a practice which one would commend to public notice. If a railway company makes certain rules, it would be a very unjustifiable policy not to conform with them as far as possible, whether they can be legally insisted on or otherwise.

Along the Coast. The L.B. and S.C.R. Company is a very excellent institution in its way. Their ideas, however, are somewhat primitive. I am talking about the train service west of Brighton. There are, of course, a good many slow and unconventional trains on the line, but nothing quite so pathetic as those which run from Brighton to Portsmouth. Perhaps they send all their invalid engines and carriages down there to get the sea air. They are bad enough by themselves, but when they get with the S.W.R. the effect is terrible, the demoralisation complete. The united efforts of these two companies succeed in getting a passenger from Brighton to Bournemouth, a distance of ninety miles, in between five and six hours. It must not be supposed for a minute that one train could be expected to go tearing along at this mad pace. The thing is done by instalments. One train goes on as long as it can, and then another comes to the rescue. You go from Brighton to Havant and change. Sometimes this journey is broken at Ford Junction. Then you start again and go to Cosham and change. From Cosham to Eastleigh and change; and, finally, after some six hours, you arrive at Bournemouth. No doubt the traffic is not very enormous. Certainly, there is no competition. But, surely, fifteen miles an hour ought to be capable of improvement, at all events during the summer.

In Ireland. THE complaint made in the following letter is one to which attention ought to be paid, and if the Belfast and County Down Railway Company have any remarks to make on the subject I shall be glad to hear from them.

SIR,—Private remonstrances are seldom of much avail with railway companies, so I would ask you to lay the following grievance before the public in the hopes that public opinion may have some effect where private application would have none. During the summer season the ordinary trains on the County Down Railway have been constantly overcrowded and almost always considerably behind time. I suppose that at the Belfast station the officials manage to cram into the train all those who have taken tickets, but intending travellers at intermediate stations are to be pitied. I will give an instance: Saturday, the 25th August, three gentlemen with first-class tickets from Knock to Newcastle were unable to get seats in either first, second, or third class carriages. Some of the first-class compartments were apparently filled with third-class passengers, and the smoking compartments packed with children. On the same evening, when the 6.40 train stopped at Ballygowan (about half an hour late), the door of one of the first-class smoking compartments was suddenly opened and seven third-class passengers bundled in, in addition to the three passengers who were already there. Thanks to various causes, the County Down Railway Company has a very good summer passenger traffic, but if they paid more attention to the punctuality of their trains and the comfort of their passengers it might be very much better. The shareholders might, in their own interest, bring pressure to bear on the directors in order to secure this happy result.—I am, sir, yours,

PASSENGER.

DIFFICULT TO TRANSLATE.

IT was the Duchess of Gordon, a clever and beautiful Scotchwoman, who successfully dumfounded a pretentious dandy.

He was beside her at a supper party, and, in order to gain her good graces, affected a liking for the Scottish tongue, declaring there was not a Scottish phrase he did not understand.

"Rax me a sprawl o' that bubbly-jock," replied the duchess, without changing a muscle of her face.

The exquisite looked appalled, and then slunk away in confusion, while the commission was performed by a cavalier hailing from the north of the Tweed.

She wanted a turkey-wing.

YOUNG ENGLAND IN THE FAR WEST.

THE proportion of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West far exceeds that of the young Americans. This is due to the fact that the former have never been taught a trade or profession, and have nothing in consequence when they have been cheated of the money they brought with them, and so take to driving horses or branding cattle, or digging in the fields, as one graduate of Oxford did, sooner than write home for money, in Denver.

The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart and practise it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a bookful of pitiful stories, and yet one cannot help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes.

Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, 30,000 Texan steers, but the Texans, who pretended to sell them the cattle, drove the same 3,000 head ten times round a mountain, as a dozen supers circle round the back drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over.

There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young boys how to become cowboys and who charged them £2 a month for tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fence posts all over the ranch until they grew wise in their generation and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid £6 per month for doing the same thing.

But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman, who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the Lower House, spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling-houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind, and took entire control of the little income.

And when the Marquis of Aylesford died in Colorado, the only friend in this country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who at that time was driving a hack round San Antonio. One hears stories of this sort on every side, and one meets faro dealers, cooks, and cowboys who have served through campaigns in India or Egypt or who hold an Oxford or Cambridge degree.

"YOU'VE been losing flesh lately, haven't you?" "Yes, I've been shaving myself."

A LITTLE boy, whose father was rather an immoderate drinker of a moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and the mother utilised the whisky in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist with. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by saying:

"Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

HIS LUCK: Wiggleton (meditatively). "It is marvellous the luck some men have."

Hobbs: "Any particular instance?"

Wiggleton: "I just happened to think of Naudgerly."

Hobbs: "Why, he died last night."

Wiggleton: "Yes; just twenty-four hours before the next premium for his life insurance was due."

AT a meeting of the Canadian Club at Hamilton, Canada, some time ago, the lecturer, in speaking about national emblems and their significance, told a good story. He met recently, he said, a rather blatant gentleman from the other side of the line, who expressed some surprise that Canada had not selected the typical national emblem from the animal kingdom. England had its lion, the United States had the great American eagle, but Canada had nothing—except a maple leaf.

"Oh, yes, we have the beaver—a type of honest industry!" replied the lecturer.

"Oh, the beaver, eh? Do you know," said the American, with a sneer, "what we call the beaver in our country? We call it a rat with a swelled tail."

"And do you know," returned the other, "that very many people outside of your country regard the American eagle as a vulture with a swelled head?"

HOW FOREST FIRES ARE STARTED.

EVERYBODY has read the terrible accounts of forest fires that have lately been cabled across the Atlantic, and has shuddered at the awful destruction caused by them. So probably a few words from one who has seen many a forest fire in the Far West will not be out of place.

Extensive pine forests are found only in cool regions. When they exist in tropical countries it is only at high altitudes in the mountains—which comes to the same thing. The consequence is that they seldom have much undergrowth, as the varieties of the pine thrive upon ground which does not support undergrowth, and a pine forest, as a rule, affords clear travelling beneath the trees.

Anyone who likes to try the experiment will find that it is not quite "as easy as rolling off a log" to set even a moderate sized pine tree on fire. Of course when such a conflagration does commence there is no mistake about it. The pines might paraphrase a familiar song, and say, "We don't want to burn, but, by jingo, when we do!" Yet you may build a big fire of brushwood all round the foot of a tree, or you may do your best to set its branches alight; and still you will fail to produce a forest fire, even in a dry season.

As every "logger" or lumber man well knows, a really big tree, such as the giant pines of the North American Continent, is practically beyond the reach of devastation by fire. Many a time the writer has seen the flames tear their way through such brushwood as existed in some steep mountain canyon in California, while the huge Sequoia or Sabiniana, towering some 200 or 300 feet into the air, stretched forth even its lowest limbs far above the puny blaze, in disdain of its transient fury. The outer bark of their massive trunks is singed or charred by the whirling flames, but the life of the monarch of the forest remains uninjured. Such a tree cannot be set on fire.

In the case of forest trees of average growth, the difficulty is the same in a more limited degree. Even if one tree can be set fairly alight with the assistance of a suitable wind and its own combustible ingredients of turpentine, and so forth, it does not by any means follow that the fire will reach the adjoining trees so as to obtain a real hold.

How then do the great forest fires actually originate? In the first place, they depend upon a combination of several necessary conditions.

The most necessary and the commonest of these is the existence of a small body of fire somewhere, which is persistent enough to form a source of combustion. The reason why camp fires so often furnish such a source is the special manner in which they are so commonly lighted. If a fire is made independently, of logs or brushwood collected in a heap, the chances are that it will not be communicated to anything else, though lighted in the midst of a wood. But, in starting a fire, especially if there be any wind, the camper instinctively seeks a sheltered point, where it is easiest to get his fire going.

If there are no rocks at hand, he places it at the leeward side of a tree trunk, or (still more commonly) behind a fallen log. This last is more often the cause of forest fires than any other chance. The result of a backing of practically solid fuel to an ordinary fire is to retain and foster a body of smouldering heat, although that solid mass itself is never set in a blaze.

And that subdued fire will continue to smoulder and creep along for hours, and even days, after the small and loose fire is in ashes, and the traveller has passed on and forgotten it. Nothing is commoner than to see in the great American forests a heavy fallen log with a charred hollow somewhere along its length, which, if examined, will be found to contain a nucleus of combustible matter.

If wind or rain should not happen to quench it, this subdued fire goes on quietly spreading until some accident of the surroundings raises a flame. The chances are that a fallen log lies athwart the bases of some other trees, around which may be dead branches on the ground. Then up starts an active flame, fanned by some chance whiff of wind, and the conflagration gets a fair start, with a steady centre of heat to support it. And then only the absence of more fuel can stay it. The hotter and stronger the flames, the more rapid is the consequent in-draught of air, and the quicker the progress of destruction.

One reads such common expressions as "devouring," "swallowing," "leaping," as applied to the action of flames, and is apt to think them poetical and exaggerated. But one must have seen the great pine trees of the Far West, grasped and hurled away into ashes by a single blast of living flame in order to appreciate the awful truth of such terms in a real "lumber fire."

It is also noticeable that when a nice hot corner has once been formed in a big prostrate log, the next wanderer who comes along will follow the lead, and start his fire in the same place. Of course it is much easier, and who can blame him? What he does for himself is to save a lot of trouble and utilise another man's work.

But what he does for the country is to double and treble the chances of a frightful wholesale destruction. No doubt forest fires have occasionally been started by chance occurrences which may fairly be described as accidental. But were it possible to trace to its origin every one that occurs, such "accidents" would be found extremely rare.

Unfortunately it is not possible, and the camper will continue to do his camping according to precedent.

The few favoured mortals who have been in the know with regard to the approaching publication of *Pearson's Library*, have expressed astonishment that such a charming novel could be produced for sixpence.

HOW THE "CAT" HURTS.

A MAN who was at the last Suffolk Assizes sentenced to fifteen lashes of the "cat," and to undergo a short term of hard labour, for highway robbery at Great Cornard, has just returned to his native village in Essex, and he has given a description of his punishment. Two other men who were jointly indicted with him were sentenced to similar punishment.

The narrator stated that all three were flogged the same morning, he being the second to receive the lash. He said he was fixed on a frame so that he could not move hand or foot. A bucket of water was thrown over his head and neck to prevent the lashes injuring the cervical vertebræ. The doctor, who had examined him before he was pinioned, then applied the stethoscope, and said to the prison officials, "He's a tough 'un; you can't hurt him."

The man says, however, that when the punishment was being inflicted he bit the sheet round his head almost into shreds in his agony, and implored the gaolers to kill him outright.

He received the whole of the fifteen lashes, the flogging being administered by a tall, powerful warder. After being released from the frame, he avers that he was compelled to march with other prisoners for an hour.

The flogging took place on a Saturday morning, and the following Monday morning he and his two colleagues were set to hard labour. In a repentant mood, which it is to be hoped will prove lasting, the man added that no money or other consideration would induce him to again undergo similar punishment.

HEROIC MEASURES.

TALKING of obesity, recalls a story which seems to confirm the idea that afflicted ones have the means of cure in their own hands. M. La Reynie, travelling one day *incognito*, met a man of enormous obesity at the inn where they change the horses on the road to Paris.

He was a farmer, and he had with him two letters of recommendation from the governor of his province—one to the king's physician and the other to a celebrated lawyer. When they arrived in Paris, La Reynie took the man to his own hotel, and assured him that he was in a position to help him in his quest. He at once led him to a dungeon where there were a jug of water and a piece of bread suspended by a string from the ceiling, and coolly imprisoned him.

The man's protests and cries of rage were in vain. In the nature of things, he was presently compelled to attempt to get the only food he had, and, after numerous jumps and as many tumbles, he succeeded at length in gaining possession of the bread. After two months of this diet, and these gymnastics, La Reynie gave him his liberty. The man, still hot with rage, threatened to complain to the police.

"But why?" asked La Reynie. "You came to Paris to cure your obesity. You now stand before me as thin and slender as a young man. Besides that, here are documents to show that you have won the law suit you came about, and which you told me on the journey you were so anxious to win."

Amazed and stupefied, the farmer was only able to stammer his thanks, and at once returned to his country home.

THE IRISHMAN WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA.

AMONG pre-Columbian discoverers of America, the claims of the Norsemen—or, properly speaking, the Icelanders—who, by their low stature and features, are somewhat different from the characteristic Swedes and Norwegians, and of the Welshmen under Prince Madoc, are fairly well known; but those in favour of an Irishman, St. Brendan, Bishop of Clonfert, in Kerry, are by no means so familiar to us, although they are to the French.

According to eleven different Latin manuscripts in the National Library, Paris, one of which dates from the eleventh century, St. Brendan left Tralee Bay about 550 A.D. on a mission to the undiscovered country which he believed to exist beyond the Atlantic. The vessel he embarked in with his companions and provisions, including five pigs, was caught in a current, and after a voyage of many weeks he landed in a strange country, where he taught the natives the truths of the Christian religion.

After seven years he returned to Ireland, and subsequently tried a second voyage to the same country, as he had promised to revisit it, but was baffled by the wind and tide. He died in the odour of sanctity in 578, aged ninety-four years.

The curious thing is that when Cortes invaded Mexico he found the natives in possession of some of the doctrines of Christianity, which they said had been taught them by a stranger, clad in a long robe, who came to them from the Holy Island beyond the sea in a "boat with wings," many centuries before, and promised to return to them.

The advent of Cortes was, in fact, hailed as a fulfilment of this tradition.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

IN Paris, where bicycling has become very common, an ardent wheelman was lately vaunting the advantages of his favourite amusement.

"I assert," he said, "that the bicycle is in every respect more serviceable than the horse."

"And I," said another man, "can prove to you the contrary, by citing a case where you would have much preferred the horse."

"What case is that?"

"The siege of Paris. If you had attempted to eat your bicycle, then I think you would have found it pretty poor picking."

WHAT DEAD SOLDIERS COST.

IT is really surprising to see how much money is spent for every man killed in war on the field, or sent away to die of his wounds, or of some sickness in the camp. In the Crimean war, where a vast number of men were got together at very close quarters, there were more than three-quarters of a million of men killed, each of them at the cost of £90.

The maximum of cost was reached in the American Civil War. Each one of the 281,000 deaths (though this is a small estimate we should imagine) was purchased by an expenditure of £3345.

Small wars are generally costly. The Danish war extinguished 3500 lives at an average cost of about £2000. The campaign which ended at Sadowa must be reckoned, considering its brief duration, to have been expensive. Every life cost nearly £1500. It is a strange necessity which makes civilised societies expend what would be a comfortable maintenance for three or four men in the destruction of one.

THE LAWLESS HOUR.

A VERY old custom was formerly associated with the election of the High Bailiff at Kidderminster. The inhabitants, we are told, assembled on the day of the election in the principal streets, and pelted each other most vigorously with cabbage-stalks, some fresh and tough, and others in varying stages of decay. The signal for the commencement of the fray was solemnly and officially given by the town-hall bell. The combat lasted sixty minutes, and was known as the "lawless hour."

At the close the bailiff-elect and the corporation, in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, visited the retiring officers, attended by a very lively mob. Meanwhile the leading families in the neighbourhood were invited to meet and fling apples at the new officials on their approach. As many as forty pots of apples have on this occasion been expended at one house. But all this was done in the most perfect amity and good humour, although at times the joke was carried to unpleasant lengths.

DANGERS OF SUNGAZING.

AFTER every eclipse, oculists expect numerous cases of blinding of the retina by tyros incautiously examining the sun without the interposition of a dark glass or similar absorber. The patients suffer from an impairment of visual acuteness, and to most of them dark spots appear in the field of vision.

Dr. Mackay, of Edinburgh, who has been investigating several cases, finds that complete recovery is exceptional, and that even as preventives, the smoked and coloured glasses of the feeble shades ordinarily used to view solar phenomena are quite inadequate. Even in January it is necessary for safety to use a glass so dark that "no subject illuminated by diffuse daylight is visible through it."

It may be added that the famous Dr. Reid, the philosopher, having, in 1761, been so unphilosophic as to observe the transit of Venus without due precaution, was afflicted with "metamorphosia." But, though Galileo died blind, this was apparently caused by an affection of the cornea, and not, as tradition affirms, by the right eye being damaged by solar observations.

The framework round this article is the size of the ordinary postcard now in use. By a new regulation, which has just come into force, ANY *card with a halfpenny stamp affixed may be sent through the post, provided that it is no bigger than the ordinary postcard, and not smaller than 3¼ inches by 2½ inches, the little projections on the right-hand side and bottom of this framework indicating the minimum size.*

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

I WAS told a good story a few days ago by a well-known lawyer in regard to an equally well-known lawyer.

"Blank Blank's mind," said my informant, "is so well stored with amusing tales and experiences that nearly every time he rises to argue a point at issue between himself and opposing counsel he makes use of them, to the vast amusement of the spectators and jury.

"Once he and I were together in a case, and he got in a strong answer to a point a lawyer on the other side had made.

"'The gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'must not place too much faith in what my friend on the other side says. If they knew him as well as I do, they would see as well as I do that when his mouth opens his brain ceases to work. I can only compare him to a little steamboat that used to run on the River Clyde. It had a five-inch boiler and a seven-inch whistle. The effect of this was that when the whistle blew the steamboat stopped.'

"Blank won his case."

DOLLS IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese feast of the dolls takes place on the third day of the third month. At this time all the dolls of the family, some of them hundreds of years old, are brought out, and for three days great festivities are carried on.

There are dolls dressed like the Mikado and his wife, in antique Court costumes, daimios, samurais, and so on down the social scale, each ancestry carried out with great nicety and precision. Oftentimes all the household furniture in miniature is packed away with the dolls and brought out on a feast day. At such times the trays, bowls, cups, and rice-baskets are filled with tiny scraps of food, and the dolls fare sumptuously during the three days of the feast.

A delicate drink, which is harmless, is brewed for this occasion, and everything is done for the household of dolls as carefully as if they were real creatures of flesh and blood. The tiniest of combs and brushes and other toilet accessories, such as paint and powder, as well as the liquid for blackening the teeth, are provided.

For three days the girls run riot with their dolls and toys, and then the latter are again locked up in the storehouse, to remain another year without seeing the light.

CORRECTING A BIG MISTAKE.

WHO would believe that a mistake of more than three thousand square miles in the area of a country like France could have remained undetected for years? Such, nevertheless, is the fact. In other words, it has just been discovered that France is larger than she thought she was to the extent of three thousand and twenty-two square miles, which is but a trifle less than the area of the island of Corsica! All that land France has owned without knowing it, until a remeasurement of her area recently revealed the fact.

A proportional error in the estimation of the area of the whole earth would make a total difference of nearly three million square miles, equivalent to a territory as large as the United States, not counting Alaska.

The measurement of the area of a country is not so simple a matter as might be supposed. The method used in France was based upon a very careful map drawn to a scale of one to eighty thousand. The area of this map was determined by means of planimetres, little instruments designed to facilitate the measurement of plane surfaces having irregular boundaries.

At first the paper itself was used, but after *three years* had been spent in measuring it was found that the unequal shrinkage of the paper, together with defects in the planimetres used, had vitiated the results.

The original copperplates of the map were then employed, improved planimetres were procured, and the work was done all over again.

This work did not consist merely in ascertaining the area of the map; after that had been carefully done, allowance had to be made for the fact that the surface of the country, represented as flat in the map, was really curved in consequence of the curvature of the earth, and this necessitated mathematical calculations.

The entire map was divided into little squares, and the chief difficulty arose along the borders of the country where the squares were broken. Here the planimetres were applied with the utmost possible precision.

It is believed that the remaining error in the estimation of the area of France cannot exceed one hundred and twenty-four acres—just enough to make a good farm. One curious fact ascertained is that the ocean annually washes away about seventy-five acres of land from the coast of France.

It must not be supposed, however, that such errors of measurement as that which the French have just corrected are uncommon. Few countries have yet been surveyed with such accuracy that we can tell within a few acres what their precise area is. There is no operation of practical science that requires more skill, care, and patience than the measurement of the land of a nation.

I will tell you, honestly, it could not have been done except in the sure belief that it would command a very large sale.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Leeks should be boiled in plenty of salted water, to be changed twice. Then drain the vegetable very dry, and serve on toast, like asparagus.

When Cleaning Fish, do not leave it long in the water, or it will lose its flavour. After preparing fish, it is well to hang it up by the head till required for use.

A Useful Gargle for a sore or relaxed throat may be made as follows: Pour about half a pint of hot water over four tablespoonfuls of honey, stir until dissolved. Add to this two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice. Stand the gargle aside until cold, when use at least twice daily. (*Reply to* ROWTON.)

Muffins. To every pound of flour mix one egg, one ounce of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Melt the butter in half a pint of milk. Beat the mixture thoroughly, and set it to rise for two hours. Form into cakes and bake on a griddle. When the bottoms are brown, turn and bake the other side. (*Reply to* BLUE ANCHOR.)

Oatmeal Water. Place two ounces of oatmeal in a basin, and to it add enough cold water to make a thin batter. Then add a teacupful of black currant jam. Pour over all a quart of boiling water, and cover closely till cold. Then strain for use. This ought to exactly suit your children as a night drink when feverish. (*Reply to* TORCROSS.)

Honey in Cookery is far more useful than sugar, where it can be spared. In rice puddings, a tablespoonful of honey in the place of sugar will give a delicate taste. In flavouring all kinds of gruels, &c., it is also very useful. I would recommend all who have a nightly glass of whiskey toddy to try the effect of sweetening it with honey. In the early autumn, honey can be bought cheaply in most country districts, and it is well to store it then for winter use. Eaten on bread, it is a good change from butter for children, and especially so when colds and coughs are prevalent.

To Ascertain if the Air of a room is pure, try the following method: Take a pint decanter into the room you wish to test. Staff a napkin into the bottle and draw it out quickly, thus giving the air of the room an opportunity to enter the bottle. Next pour one ounce of clear lime-water into the bottle and replace the stopper. Shake the bottle well, and if the air is impure, the clear lime-water will become cloudy, or perhaps even a milky white. As you suspect the presence of bad gas in your basement rooms, it would be well to try this experiment at once. (*Reply to* VANDRY, Yorks.)

Nuts are not considered unwholesome nowadays; they only rank amongst articles very difficult of digestion. If they are so, it is rather due to the manner and time in which they are eaten than to the nuts themselves. The texture of nuts is firm, and unless great care is taken in mastication they are apt to go into the stomach in little hard lumps, not easily soluble by the gastric juice. To secure proper mastication it is an excellent thing to eat them with bread. The oil of nuts is in the form of an emulsion, similar to cream. They are a very hearty, nutritious food, which should be eaten at mealtime, and not just before going to bed, as is so often done.

Everlasting Scrap-Books give a great deal of pleasure to our little folks, both in the home, schools, and hospitals, so a few suggestions on the subject may be useful. I offer these just now, for I know by experience that directly the days shorten, and, consequently, the evenings lengthen, one finds time for various works of charity and usefulness, which during the summer months have been neglected. First procure some pieces of glazed calico in various colours, which are likely to blend with ordinary coloured scraps, &c. Cut these lengths of calico into a convenient size to form a book when folded in half. Arrange the book so that no two consecutive leaves are of one colour, and stitch firmly together. Make the covers of two pieces of cardboard, the same size as the leaves of the book, and paste with coloured calico on each side, so as to make it very durable. Sew the cover on to the book., using fine string. With paste or starch cover the pages as far as possible with pictures, cards, and colour scraps. Ornament the cover with stripe of coloured paper, scraps, &c., and, when it is dry, varnish. If these scrap-books are kept till Christmas, and then given away, they will afford infinite pleasure to the maker as well as to the recipient.

Partridges, if old, will have blue and white bills, but if they are young, black bills and yellow legs.

In Soup Making allow one quart of water for every pound and a quarter of meat. This should be an invariable rule.

When Ironing a Dress, first iron the bodice, next the sleeves, and lastly the skirt. Keep the latter rolled up till the other parts are completed. *In Ironing a Shirt,* first do the back, then the sleeves, and lastly the collar and front.

German Mustard. Take eight tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and white sugar, a saltspoonful of cayenne, four tablespoonfuls of curry powder, the juice of one raw onion (which should be a large one) squeezed through a lemon squeezer, and mixed with vinegar.

Glycerine Stains on a Carpet may be removed thus: Pour some moderately hot water over the stained part, and when it has run through the carpet rub the part well with a clean damp flannel, which must be frequently wrung out in hot water. Have some clean dusters ready, and with them dry the carpet, changing the surface of the duster constantly as it becomes wet.

Newtown Pudding. Take a cup of finely-shredded suet, ditto grated raw potato, half a pint of treacle, one cupful of grated raw carrot, ditto stoned raisins, and a good pinch of soda. Mix the pudding with an egg beaten up in a little milk. Place in a greased mould, cover with greased paper, and steam for three to four hours. Serve hot with wine sauce. The grated potato makes the pudding light, and the carrot gives it a good colour.

Sloe and Apple Preserve. This is very little known, and when once tasted is always appreciated. It is rather like plum, and is a lovely colour. Gather the sloes when ripe, and put into a jar with enough water to cover them. Tie down and stew for four hours on the stove. Strain the juice and add a quarter of a pint of it to every pound of apples, peeled and cored, and one pound of sugar. Boil all together till the apple is quite tender, then pot for use.

Bottled Blacking. Put half a pound of gum shellac into a quart bottle or jug, cover it with alcohol; cork it tight, and keep it in a warm place. Shake it several times a day. Then add a piece of camphor the size of a hen's egg, shake it well, and in four hours add one ounce of lamp-black. If the alcohol is good, all will be dissolved in three days. If the mixture be too thick, add more alcohol. Pour a little into a cup, and apply with a camel-hair brush. The boots should be clean before applying this mixture. (*Reply to* REFUGEE.)

To Prevent Mould in Jam Jars. One of the greatest troubles in preserving fruit in jars is to prevent the formation of mould on the top, and the consequent spoiling of fruit when it rises above the top of the syrup. A very effective, cheap, and simple device is a disc of thin veneer of wood, from one-sixteenth to one-twentieth of an inch thick, and from two and three-quarters to three inches in diameter for one quart jars, made from beech, birch, elm, or ash, as these woods have no taste or flavour, and will not injure the fruit. To use, dip in hot water to prevent cracking, slightly bend so as to slip down below the shoulders of the jar, and press down on the fruit, to allow the syrup to rise over it. The shoulder will keep it down in place. When you wish to use the fruit, remove the wood by running a fork under and picking it out. (*Reply to* STOREROOM KEEPER.)

To Keep Children in Health, give them an abundance of outdoor exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only on plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of lack of appetite. But keep them overtasked in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, frowning down every attempt at play, feed them on rich or highly-seasoned food, allowing them to eat between meals and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to have good appetites. On the contrary, you may expect that they will be pale, weak, and sickly. Do not cram them with food when they have no appetite for it—such a course is slow murder. If they have no appetite, encourage, and, if need be, compel them to take exercise in the open air. Do not allow them to study too much. In addition to ensuring exercise for the children, change their diet somewhat; and especially if they have been eating fine flour, change to coarse flour. Illness is the most expensive nuisance on the face of the globe. There may be instances where it makes people or children better, but generally it makes them sad, selfish, misanthropic, nervous, and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.

Oiled Paper is easily made. Brush sheets of paper with boiled oil and hang them in the air to dry. (*Reply to* JAMES.)

Never Commence Ironing on a sheet that was used to cover the board the previous week, or your clothes will be a bad colour.

Apple Fritters. Make a batter of one pint of milk, two eggs, and flour enough to make it of the right consistency. Allow it to stand for two hours. Slice four large apples, flour each slice, dip into the batter, and fry in deep fat until a golden colour; dry on paper. Sprinkle sugar over and serve.

Cocoanut Cakes. Remove the brown skin from the cocoanut, grate it up, beat up two whites of eggs, and add them and a spoonful of white sugar to the cocoanut. Make the mixture into a stiff paste. Drop it in heaps about the size of half-crowns on to papered trays. Bake for three minutes.

Golden Pudding. Three ounces of beef suet finely chopped, mix with it six ounces of breadcrumbs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; make it into a stiff batter, with two well-beaten eggs and half a pint of milk; put a layer at the bottom of a pie dish, then a layer of orange marmalade, and so on till full. Bake one hour, turn out, and serve hot.

On Choosing Pork. If young and well-fed, the lean is easily broken between the fingers, and the skin indented if nipped with the nail; the fat is white and waxy, and the rind thin and clean. Stale pork is easily detected by the skin looking dark at the top, and clammy between the creases of the legs and shoulders, and by its strong, tainted smell. Pork is in season from August to March.

Fig Compôte. Take one dozen large figs, cut up in halves or quarters; put them into a saucepan with a sixpenny packet of gelatine, two ounces of fine sugar, and enough water to quite cover them; let them simmer slowly for two hours, then pour into a wet mould. When quite set turn out, and serve with spoonfuls of whipped cream round. Prunes also can be cooked in this way, using half a pound of prunes (stoned) to a packet of gelatine.

Fricasseed Steak. Cut the steak from the round or rump into small squares, and flour them lightly. Put some dripping into the frying-pan, slice into it a Spanish onion, and add some cooked tomatoes if in season; lay in the pieces of steak, and fry them a nice brown; then put them into a saucepan, strain the contents of the frying-pan, add a little boiling water, season with pepper and salt, pour over the steak, and simmer gently for nearly an hour. Serve with rice as boiled for curry. The slices of onion can be left in with the steak if liked.

Disagreeable Odour from Tubing. The odour exhaled by the ordinary vulcanised rubber tubing employed to convey gas to lamps or fireplaces may be prevented by using a mixture of equal volumes of thirty-six per cent. alcohol and good linseed oil, shaking the mixture thoroughly until a homogeneous solution is formed. It is applied by putting a few drops on a piece of rag, and rubbing the tube, while in a moderately stretched state, till quite dry. To be repeated three or four times, at intervals of a few days. This does not affect the flexibility or colour of the tubing. (*Reply to* ARTISAN.)

Isobel

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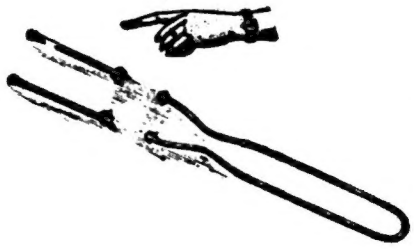

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SEND TO-DAY TO **THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY** (LTD.),

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WASMUTH'S CORN RINGS (IN THE WATCH.)

THE CELEBRATED CONTINENTAL CORN CURE.

Beautifully thin, can be worn with any shoe. Remove Pressure and Cure the Corn in Two or Three Days.

Price 1/1½ per Box, of all Chemists, or post free for 1/3 of the Wholesale Agents—WARRICK BROTHERS, 18, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

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IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

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WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

OVER a certain photographer's door is the following apt inscription, "Secure the shadow ere the substance fades." Pencil-cases are offered to the fifty persons sending the most ingenious application of a well-known quotation to a particular trade or profession. The above may be taken as a good example of the sort of thing required. Envelopes to be marked "Quotation," to reach this office by Tuesday, September 25th.

AT the time of going to press, the photographic competition had just closed, but no details as to the number of entries or the awards of the judges could be made ready. I hope, however, to be able to give full particulars next week. The exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, London, S.W., is open from September 11th to October 6th, and competitors can obtain tickets of admission at half-price by application at *P.W.* Offices, Henrietta-street. The photographs, &c., entered by *P.W.* competitors will be exhibited in a specially reserved portion of the North Gallery at the Aquarium. Competitors who desire their exhibits to be returned to them, and who have not already communicated with us to that effect, must make formal application, and inclose stamps sufficient to cover the cost of postage.

K. M. complains that the inconvenient shortness of his fingers is a source of annoyance to him in his capacity of musician, and wants to know if there is a method by which he would be able to stretch an octave comfortably, which he cannot do now.——As it is impossible to add to the length of the fingers, you must devote yourself to softening the web which joins them by rubbing it firmly with a piece of wood about three-quarters of an inch wide, with rounded edges. The handle of a hair brush would do excellently. The direction of the movement should be see-saw, the object being to drag down the skin on the insides of the finger towards the web. The famous composer, Chopin, had an abnormally short stretch, and to increase it he used to go to bed with an instrument for keeping the fingers wide apart.

J. D. D., referring to a recent "Fact," says that in the village near Manchester from which he writes they turn out nearly 10,000 hats a day. If two or three other places close by were taken into consideration, the record held by Brussels would be easily beaten, although the combined areas of these English manufacturing places would not equal that of Belgium's capital.

MAJOR CUMMINGS asks whether all the fleets of the world raise the level of the ocean to any appreciable extent. His idea seems to be that if the number of ships on the seas continues to increase as it has done of late years, there may be another deluge. As a matter of fact, however, the craft of every nation only weigh in the aggregate, about 23,000,000 tons, and if they were all afloat at the same time, fully loaded, not enough water would be displaced to attract the attention of even the most observant coastguard.

D. E. H.—British Columbia and New Zealand are the two most widely separated points between which a telegram may be sent. This is, of course, judging by distance and not by time. If the latter were any criterion there is a certain office in the Strand—but this is another story, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say. When a telegram is despatched from British Columbia to New Zealand it practically goes round the world. First it would cross North America. This is, of course, if it does not meet a forest fire on the way, or run up against a body of strikers, who seem to regard all telegraph posts as their natural enemies. From Newfoundland it would cross the Atlantic to England, and after leaving the British Dominions its route would be Germany, Russia, China, Japan, Java, and Australia, nearly completing a circuit of the globe.

P. H. asks: "Who are the greatest wine-drinkers?"——It is only right and fair that the people who make the most wine should drink the most, although this is by no means an economic law. France is the greatest wine-consuming and the greatest wine-producing country in the world, and, taking an average, at least twenty-one gallons are consumed in the course of a year by each inhabitant.

IT is almost incredible what an enormous amount is spent by the nation on dogs. I have been working it out for a correspondent, and the result is appalling. According to the most credible statistics there are in the United Kingdom 1,500,000 licensed dogs, and if we take into account sheepdogs and others which need no licenses, and a good many lurchers and puppies over six months old which have escaped the eye of the police, the total at the very lowest computation is 2,000,000. This may or may not include the one I ran over this morning in a hansom. Now, on an average it costs 2d. a day to keep a dog, or £3 0s. 10d. in the year. Multiply this by 2,000,000, and we have £6,064,000. The licenses amount to £562,000, which gives us the grand total of £6,646,000. This, however, does not include incidental expenses, and they form a considerable item where dogs are concerned. First they get ill: this means two or three visits from a vet. So soon as they are cured, they run away and lose themselves, and do not come back until you offer a reward; this happens periodically, which, curiously enough, does not mean that you can put a full stop to it. Then there are sheep, chickens, cats, legs of mutton, trouser seats, tramp wounds, and a thousand and one other things to pay for. Every now and then they grow tired of other mischief and, go off with the first man who comes along, and sneak back with a piece of draggled string round their neck instead of a collar. And besides this there are chains and muzzles, and goodness only knows what else, which brings the total up to at least £7,000,000, and probably a great deal more. And even this colossal sum allows nothing for the expenses of the puppies, which probably number another 2,000,000, although they cost practically nothing except tears of sorrow. Over £7,000,000 a year on dogs. Just think of it. It means that every man and woman and child, from one end of the kingdom to the other, is three shillings and sixpence out of pocket annually through supporting these hereditary loafers; it means that every dog costs £3 10s. a year, and a dog's average life, be it known, is fifteen years. Total, £52 10s. from puppyhood to poison.

F. R. writes "Concerning the remarks published the other day about the extermination of hairs, 'E. K.' may possibly be relieved to hear that some time ago I worked with a man who was troubled with the same complaint—a hairy nose. He rubbed it daily with a piece of common washing soda, and after awhile the growth entirely disappeared, and I do not think that his skin looked any the worse for the treatment."

K. A. S. wishes to know the origin of the phrase "piping hot." It is very expressive. In fact he always uses it himself. He has not the least idea what it means, however. Two explanations are given by phraseologists. The first, to my mind, is the most plausible. According to this derivation the expression refers to the tuneful noise which water makes when coming to the boil: as hot as water which pipes and sings in the kettle. Other authorities, however, prefer to believe that the saying is taken from "ye anciente" custom of a baker blowing his pipe or horn in the village street to inform his neighbours that the bread is just drawn and hot.

OWING to various causes which are now matters of ancient and forgotten history, the division of England into civil and ecclesiastical parishes is not carried out on anything like a methodical scale. It is no unusual thing to find one parish, for some reason best known to our ancestors, intersected by two or three others, or with an outlying hamlet; there are even two English parishes completely surrounded by another. I know this because I have looked up the matter for T. A. N. In the first place the parish of Cowley, near Uxbridge, county Middlesex, forms the erratic centre of the parish of Hillingdon, and, coming nearer home, the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is completely surrounded on all sides by the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. At one time both these parishes were part of St. Margaret's, Westminister, but a schism was ordered by the king, who felt that there was danger in funerals, possibly of persons who had died from some infectious disease, with the train of mourners, passing the Royal Palace of Whitehall.

THE two following advertisements, cut from the *Dartford Times* and *Kent Messenger* respectively, are worthy of considerable attention. They are signs of the grand social somersault which is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the present day:

> WANTED, General Servant, play piano and sing well; good comfortable home.—Apply ——
>
> LADY Help wanted to do the work of the house; two in family; to be companionable to the lady, who is not strong; comfortable home near Crystal Palace; must be willing and obliging.—Apply ——

The former advertisement is the first public recognition of the New Domestic Servant's demands that I have seen. For a long time past they have stipulated for the use of the drawing-room for five-o'clock tea and the piano after dinner, and now at last it seems they are to have all they want. In the meantime, the class they once served does the household work: the transformation is complete.

J. B. H., referring to the paragraph which credited China with the most humane means of administering capital punishment, observes that the sword is also employed in Germany, and as far as the humanity is concerned, that depends a great deal on the nerve of the executioner. He recalls a case which was published in the papers some years ago where the executioner, being under the influence of drink, made two or three fearful cuts in his victim before he finally succeeded in decapitating him, a possibility which would be out of the question with the guillotine or scaffold. An isolated instance of this kind, however, does not affect the general statement in the least. Neither the scaffold nor the guillotine are entirely automatic, and in the hands of bungling or incapable officials a condemned man would not be likely to escape with a lighter punishment than the poor victim of the intoxicated German's sword.

THE "Child Collector" competition for the F.A.F. closed on Aug. 31, and the youngsters have succeeded in making a better show than the adults did in their last attempt. Bertie Shakespeare, of Belle Vue, Yardley, near Birmingham, sent £4 13s., which he managed to get together, and thus obtains the first prize, *i.e.*, any toys, books, or other articles sold at any shop, to the value of £3. Willie Margrove, of 6, Geraldine Street, Longshaw Lane, Blackburn, comes second with £4 1s., the prize for which is anything to the value of £2; and Willie Lloyd, of 32, High Street, Littlehampton, follows with £3 4s., and his prize runs to the value of £1. I must congratulate them. They have the double reward of knowing that they have done something to alleviate the hard lot of little ones less fortunate than themselves, and of obtaining something for their own use which will make them envied by all children who happen to read this announcement.

THE Limerick Clothing Company have kindly offered one of their Three Guinea Suits as a first prize, and the Pearson Pottery Company a Guinea Package of Crockery as a second prize, to those readers who collect the largest amount for the F.A.F. before September 18th next. Intending competitors for these prizes must forward the money they have collected to reach this office on or before September 18th, marking their envelopes EIGHTEENTH.

In the following list 13s. 4d. is acknowledged from C. E. Kershaw. He does not live in this country, but sends it from the South African Republic, and in doing so acknowledges the receipt of a *P.W.* pencil-case in these words:

> Accept my best thanks for the pretty and useful pencil-case you sent, which arrived about a month ago. In addition to being useful, it affords us considerable amusement, as the Kaffirs around us (my house is eight miles from nearest white neighbours) are loud in their expressions of surprise at seeing that what they suppose to be a "schlutel" (key) is really a pencil.
>
> I shall be glad if all those persons who still have collecting lists will be good enough to return them to this office with the amount which they have collected.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £2,295 2s. 7½d.

B. B. B., 1s. 2d.; W. S. L., 1s.; Jack, Noel, and Guy, 5s.; Memory of Little Dorothy (3rd donation), 3s.; S. Z. S., 1s.; Lucy Lee, 1s.; Wow, 1s.; W. W., In Memoriam (14th, 15th, and 16th donation), 6s. 3d.; Two Little S.M's, 3s.; A Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; E. H. P., 9d.; A Few Friends, 3s. 11d.; Four Little Hodges, 5s. 3d.; E. Guy, 2s. 3d.; Postal Tel. Trav. Party (17th donation), 4s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Harold, 1s.; One Dozen Fresh Heirs, 9s.; W. A. Mullins, 6d.; A. F. R. 1s.; E. Raphael, 10s.; G. F. Sturgess, 9d.; Little Coop, 1s.; Better Late than Never, 1s.; Answers, 1s.; Braintree, 10s.; W. F. K., 2s. 9d.; E. H. Baker, 3s.; W. Senior, 6d.; Four New Customers, 2s.; E. Y. Eltrah, 2s. 9d.; A. Boyden, 3s.; M. H., 2s.; Theodora, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Marian Knights, 3s.; A. M. Downie, 5s. 4d.; Langford B. S. O., 2s. 3d.; L. G. M., 5s.; M. Schneider, 5s.; T. Scrimshire, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Four Bairns, £1; W. Murray Maxton, 5s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; J. Sutherland, 2s. 6d.; H. G. Grace, 1s.; K. L., 1s. 6d.; A. Horne, 1s. 3d.; Mrs. C. E. K., 13s. 4d.; Rabbits, 2s. 6d.; E. A. C., 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Playbill, 6d.; Readers and Staff of GOOD NEWS, £1 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; G. M., 2d.; M. S., Aintree, 1s.; E. L. N., 5s.; Dorothy Broles, 1s.; Miss Garside and Miss E. Hall, 3s.; Skyblue, 5s.; Sympathy, 2s. 6d.; Stoke United Football Club, 13s. 6d.; W. J. P. and Friends, 5s.; J. W. Sanders, 2s. 6d.; A. B. S., 4s.; Anon., 4s. 6d.

Collected:

Anon., 1s. 6d.; Anon., 3s. 3d.; N. Redfern, Bristol (second donation), 1s.; Mrs. Colley, 2s. 7d.; L. Humphrey, 11s.; R. Holmes, 10d.; Miss Edmead (second donation), 6s.; E. V. Chadwick (second donation) 5s.; S. Ackroyd (third collection), £1 3s. 10d.; Sergeants' Mess, Grand Depôt Barracks, Woolwich, 6s.; Sergeants' Mess, 1st York and Lancaster Regt., Cork, 15s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, Royal Berkshire Regt., Fort Tregantle, £1 7s.; N.C. Officers and men, H. Coy., 12s. 6d.; Treasurer, Sergeants' Mess Committee, 4th Hussars, 14s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, Pierhill Barracks, 18s.; Sergeants' Mess, King's Dragoon Guards, Norwich, 16s.; F. Hurst, 5s.; V. Bullock, 10s.; H. Garrard, 16s.; Elsie and Dora Medhcott, £1 2s. 6d.; Nellie Best, £1; Bertie Shakespeare, £4 13s.; W. Margrove, £4 1s.; Gordon O'Neill, 6s. 6d.; Ernest J. Findley, 5s. 2d.; Edith Wright, 10s.; William Lloyd, £3 4s.; Sergeants' Mess, Dound Castle, per E. Owen, 5s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Dorset Regt., £1 8s.; Officers, N.C. Officers, and Men, 1st Coy., R.E., Queenstown, £1 14s. 6d.; N.C. Officers and Men, 87th Coy., R.E., £1 9s. 3d.; Sergeants and others, 2nd Leicestershire Regt., £1 0s. 5d.; Miss E. Eggleston, 10s.; W. Birtwistle, 3s. 7d.; No. 36, Wavertree, 3s.; J. W. Atkinson, 5s.; E. Wade, 3s. 2d.; Gertie Myatt, 3s. 6d.; A. Bristolian, 2s. 6d.; Mabel Large, 5s.; T. B. B. Anon., 6d.; Philip H. Blanshard, 10s.; W. H. H., 5s.; T. B. B. and Friends, £1 12s.; E. Partington, 10s. 6d.; E. Riley, 6d.; Dorothy, 2s. 6d.; Cyril, 1s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, 17th Coy., R.E., Okehampton, 2s.; Sergeants' Mess, per Gunner Wood and others, 4s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, 14th Coy., Red Barracks, Weymouth, 6s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, H. Coy., 1st Yorks Regt., Fort Regent, Jersey, £1 2s.; Sergeants' Mess, 3rd, 60th Rifles, Newport, I.W., 2s.; 2nd Northampton Regt., 14s. 6d.; Nellie Allen, 1s. 1d.; Hubert Lister, 10s.; A. R. Flatau, £1; Compositors' Chapel, Messrs. C. Skipper and East, 5s.; Offertory, H.M.S. "Cleopatra," £1; Waiters at Hotel Métropole, 10s.; Willie Rackham, 5s.; M. A. Fisher, 5s.; F. D. Nibbett, 4s. 1d.; Mrs. C. J. Molt, 2s. 6d.; F. W. Beck, 10s.; C. Masterton, 2s. 6d.; Nurse Steele, £1 12s. 6d.; Hettie Mobbs, 2s. 1d.; 1st Class, North Malvern Girls' School, 3s.; S. Ackroyd (thirty-fourth donation), £1 2s. 9d.; A Class in S. H. School, 2d.; Employés H. Williams and Co., 18s.; Sergeants' 3rd Grenadier Guards, £1 0s. 6d.; Sergeants' Mess, 27th Inniskilling, Kinsale, £1 1s.; Sergeants' Mess, 2nd Bn. Royal Fusiliers, Aldershot, 9s. 6d.; Ethel Gough, 2s. 6d.; Pettenatis Café, 7s.; Sergeants' Mess, Britannia Barracks, Norwich, 7s. 6d.; Mary Jane Austin, 5s.; A. Marshall, 1s. 6d.; T. Allerton, £2 2s.

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[ON]E BOX of Dr. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS.

[WI]LL PRODUCE the most lovely complexion that imagination could desire; clear, fresh, free from [blo]tch, blemish, coarseness, redness, freckles, or [pim]ples. Sent post free for 4s. 6d. To whiten and [soft]en the hands and skin use Dr. Mackenzie's [Ars]enical Toilet Soap, any Chemist, 1s. per tablet; [fro]m S. HARVEY, 3d. extra for postage.

Beware of worthless and injurious imitations

[S.] HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London, S.W.

[L.]A.A.—REQUIRED, Men and Women of good address, who can introduce to our Stores responsible business in London or suburbs. Every facility, and fair remuneration to suitable persons. Our easy terms system is carried out in all departments, and the best value guaranteed. Established in 1857, and since that date have maintained our reputation by fair dealing, and have, in consequence, each year added considerably to our returns. We supply all articles at the prices marked in our extensive show-rooms; no extra for credit; 5 per cent. allowed for cash on or before delivery. We are open to furnish one room or a mansion, on terms to suit convenience of customers.—J. SEARLE & SON, LTD., Complete Furnishers, General Drapers, Tailors, and Outfitters, Dealers in Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Electro Plate, Musical Instruments, Baby Carriages, and all kinds of Domestic Machines. Show-rooms—70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent Road, S.E.; Factories—1 to 7, Townsend-buildings, S.E.; Warehouses—Cornbury-street. Address the Secretary, or apply personally.

£20 TO TOBACCONISTS (COMMENCING). See Illd. Guide (250 pages), 3d., "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS CO., 186, Euston Rd., London. N.B.—Shopfitters and show case-makers for all trades. Estimates free. Est. 1866. Mgr., Hy. Myers.

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HILGARD, OREGON, June 28, 1893.

[I.] PIERCE & SON.—GENTLEMEN, I am happy to [infor]m you that the Truss I bought of you last April COMPLETELY CURED me of a very severe case of [Hern]ia, from which I have suffered for OVER 18 YEARS. [I was] rather sceptical about your Truss when I bought [it, as] I had tried several so-called Elastic Trusses without deriving any benefit from them; but after using [the] Truss for a short time I was convinced that it [was] the best I ever had, as it was easy to wear, and [serv]ed to stop the severe pains that often prostrated [me w]hile wearing the old Spring trusses; and now, in [spite] of my scepticism, I am PERFECTLY CURED, and [can w]ork with the Truss off if I feel so disposed, but I wear it loosely as it is not inconvenient. You may [add] the above to your other testimonials. Gratefully

FRED. HANSEN

The above cure was effected in less than THREE [MON]THS TIME, at a total cost to the patient of £1 9s. 6d. [THO]USANDS of similar cures have been made. Pam[phlet] mailed to any address. Write for it TO-DAY! [Posta]ge 2d. Address—

[Ma]gnetic Elastic Truss Company, [Sa]cramento Street, San Francisco, U.S.A. Please mention this Paper.

THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS ARE COMING.

CAMPBELLS PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS

Will Cheer and Brighten the Home Circle during the Long Autumn and Winter Evenings. They are the most Popular Musical Instrument in the World amongst all Classes of Society.

Campbell's Melodeon's have Organ and Celestial Tone and Charming Bell Accompaniments. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. The Solemn Psalm, the Soul Stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming instruments. NO KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC IS REQUIRED BY THE PLAYER.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER

To Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	*price only*	6/6
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	"	10/6
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EITHER OF THE ABOVE SENT CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. *Cut this out and mention "Pearson's Weekly" when ordering. Worth Double the Money.*

NO DECEPTION HERE. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales:—"Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch and only require a trial to advertise themselves." *Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.*

N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List for musical season 1894, now ready. 150,000 of these valuable lists sent out yearly. Send 1d. stamp to CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow. (Established 50 years.)

"JUNO" CYCLES Are the Very Best

JUNO Safeties Roadsters 28 lbs.; Racers, 22 lbs. JUNO Lady's Safety and Youth's Safety.

Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any part of the world, interesting and valuable to all.—METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., LTD., 75 & 76 Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.—*N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.*

STANTON, THE PEOPLE'S DENTIST.

335, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).

TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s. each, upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required. Repairing or alterations in two hours. If you pay more than the above they are fancy charges. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each, on 18c. gold, 15s., stopping, 2s. 6d., extraction, 1s., painless, by gas, 5s.

Hours 10 till 7, Saturdays 10 till 4.

NOSE Defective Shape and Colour cured permanently. Stamped envelope for full particulars, LEES RAY, Specialist, Wavertree, Liverpool. Treatment practical and thorough. Relief positive. Testimonials unique.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

For House, Coast, or Country

Made of Canvas, with strong Plaited Jute Sole, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. We are constantly receiving repeat orders from customers who have worn a single pair, one, two, and three years. Enclose length walking shoe. *Prices (Post free).*

Quality (colour brown)	Childn's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1s. 6d	1s 9d.	2s. 0d.
D. Superior Canvas (as illustration)		2s 6d.	2s 9d.
E. Velvet Uppers (Black) ...		3s. 0d.	3s. 3d.
F. Leather Soled Shoes Childn's. (superior) ...	3s. 0d.	4s 0d	4s 6d.
G Rubber Soles (Brown)		3s. 6d.	3s 9d.

Special Offer.—To purchasers of Three pairs at one time we will allow a reduction of 3d. per pair. PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 35N, Bath Street, Glasgow.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO,

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
Richmond Cavendish Co., Ltd.
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL,
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Retailed by all first-class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

Having had another Large Consignment of Pure White CHINA SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, will forward the HALF-DOZEN for 6s., or Sample Handkerchiefs, 1s. 3d., carriage paid. Money returned in full if not approved of. These Handkerchiefs have been bought at 60 per cent. under the usual wholesale prices, and they are sold retail at 2s. 11d each. Size 20in. square. J. HUTT. WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, ASHTON NEW ROAD, MANCHESTER.

SAVE HALF YOUR GAS BILLS.

Simply by placing our Automatic Gas Blenders on your burners, you obtain the same light *with only half your present consumption of Gas.* Easily fixed. Require no attention. Post free 1/2 per box. W. RITCHIE & Co. (P. Dept.), 70, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

TRADE SUPPLIED AND AGENTS WANTED.

DON'T RUB!

It has long been acknowledged by the medical profession that Gout and Rheumatism, and all allied diseases such as Sciatica Lumbago, Neuralgia, &c., cannot be cured by External applications. Rubbing may give relief for the moment; but as these painful diseases arise from a disordered state of the blood, their cure can only be effected by Internal Remedies, which, by eliminating the impurities, eradicate the disease. THEN, DON'T RUB! It is useless.

TRUTH IS STRONGER THAN FRICTION!

And it is true that BAILEY'S Wonderful Gout and Rheumatic Pills have never been known to fail. They have effected cures in thousands of seemingly hopeless cases. Sold everywhere at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Write for testimonials and free samples.

THOMAS BAILEY. COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

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RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR enables any one entirely ignorant of Music to play the Piano, Organ, or Harmonium beautifully by ear, and to vamp to songs in all keys in ONE WEEK. 50,000 sold, and every customer delighted.

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BEST and CHEAPEST.

From 1s. per Gross of all Respectable Stationers.

Sample Boxes, 3d. and 6d.

ECZEMA CURE.—Apply **Hill's Celebrated Ointment** a few times to the parts affected; the result will be surprising. In boxes, 1/1½ and 2/6, post free 15 and 35 stamps. G. HILL, 335, Strand, London, & of all Chemists.

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

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THE FACTORY CLOTHING CO.,

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MAN'S SUIT.

ONE PROFIT from Manufacturer to Buyer.

The above Company have decided to deal direct with the buyer and save all intermediate profits, and from their extensive experience and thorough practical knowledge of the clothing trade, can guarantee a perfect fit and first-class finish and style, and a thorough serviceable untearable material. (With each suit will be sent a piece for repairs.) Pattern card, accompanied by measure form, sent on application. All orders to be accompanied with postal order.

SAILOR SUITS. Serge.

Size	000	00	0	1	2	3	4	5
Age	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Price	3/6	4/0	4/6	5/0	5/6	6/0	6/6	7/0

NORFOLK SUITS. Serges and Tweeds.

Size	0	1	2	3	4	5
Age	5	6	7	8	9	10
Price	5/6	6/0	6/6	7/0	7/6	8/0

RUGBY SUITS. Serges and Tweeds.

Size	7	8	9	10
Age	9	10	11	12
Price	8/6	9/-	9/6	10/0

YOUTHS' SUITS. Serges and Tweeds.

Size	8	9	10	11	12	13
Age	12	13	14	15	16	17
Price	11/0	11/6	12/0	12/6	13/0	13/6

MEN'S SUITS. Serges and Tweeds.

Size	2½	3	4	5	6	7
Breast measure	32	34	36	38	40	42
Price	19/-	20/-	21/-	22/-	23/-	24/-

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS:

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SCHOOL SUITS.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING BOTTLE.

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness. *Sold by all Chemists and Stores.* Price ONE SHILLING. Refuse worthless imitations. Post-free 15 stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

S. GOLDSTONE, WHOLESALE JEWELLER.

Purchasers save 10s. in the pound by dealing direct with S. GOLDSTONE, the actual Manufacturer. Illustrated Lists send post free to any address. Agents required. Liberal Terms.

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40 ENGRAVINGS FREE.

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The Young and Delicate of either sex who fully recognise the importance of physical as well as mental power in the struggle for existence, should write at once for illustrated circular, and learn "How to become Strong" with great speed and unfailing certainty.

SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, PRESTBURY ROAD, MACCLESFIELD.

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The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Specialist, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, will be happy to send his book on the Ear, "How to Cure without the Use of Instruments, or Operation." Price 6d. Sufferers from Deafness, Noises, or Discharges in the Ears, should obtain this work, or consult Mr. Silverton by letter or personally. Wonderful cases:—A person cured after 40 years' deafness, and one at the age of 90. A gentleman after 17 years' deafness cured. A remarkable case of a lady at Grimsby substantiated by a Clergyman. Addresses on application. All communications as above.

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5,000 SILK UMBRELLAS at 2/6 each

Direct from the Manufacturer. THE 'PARKER' UMBRELLA REGISTERED. Ladies' or Gents' Plain or Twilled Silk (Parker's Hollow Ribbed Frames), carved and mounted sticks. Sent Parcel Post Free 2/9 or 36 stamps. List and Testimonials free. Re-covering neatly done, plain or twilled silk, Ladies' or Gent's, 2/6 each. Returned next post.

J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield

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DIRECT from WORKS

To private buyers, price 32/6 each (usual shop price double). Latest **Hammock Style, Handles Both Ends,** Reversible Hood, 4 High Rubbered Tyred Cycle Wheels, body beautifully carriage painted and fine lined, Straps and Apron complete. Write for design. Address, F. G. POTTER & CO., DEREHAM ROAD, NORWICH.

PUREST & BEST!

CLARKE NICKOLLS, and COOMBS' (LTD.)

"Milk" CARAMELS are Delicious. Their "Cream" CARAMELS are Most Exquisite. And their "British Standard" CARAMELS are Perfection Itself.

ALL UP-TO-DATE CONFECTIONERS SELL THEM.

MADAME FRAIN'S FAMOUS FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most *powerful and effective* on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest, 11s. bottle.) Post free. 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1A, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N.E. Ladies, send at *once* stamped Directed Envelope for *particulars and proofs.* I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

RUPTURE CURED WITHOUT OPERATION.

S. J. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, His Chambers, 64, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON; and 26, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

We strongly advise the afflicted to send for his new book on *rupture* and the *evil of trusses*, containing endorsements from clergymen, physicians, merchants, farmers, and others cured, which he now sends post free on receipt of *seven penny stamps.*

THE FIRST GRAND "PIONEER" REDUCTION SALE

BY

Messrs. F. HODGSON and SON,

THE WELL-KNOWN CARPET MANUFACTURERS OF THE CITY OF LEEDS,

TO THE INFLUENTIAL READERS OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," AND MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

This is the first announcement of a Reduction in the price of our manufactures for ten long years, and is of great importance to parties furnishing.

WHAT A GRAND THING

For the people of this realm that the distinguished ability of our great traders enables them to hold their own in all the markets of the world, and to supply us at home with full maximum value—better value for money than any other merchants in the world can possibly compete with.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

SPECIALLY REDUCED INTRODUCTION,

SALE PARCEL WITH FREE GIFT

INCLOSED, containing:—

1 Magnificent Rich Cream Coloured Curly Sheepskin Hearthrug, average size 6ft. by 3ft. Perfection in quality.

1 Beautiful Reversible Art Crimson Silk Plush Bed Rug, Sofa Cover, or Table Cover, double warp, very heavy, size 80in. by 78in.

2 Beautiful Silver Goat-skin Door Mats, lined woollen cloth throughout, pinked edges, best finish, ornamental for any room.

Sale Price, **9/6** THE LOT.

PROVIDING THIS COUPON, P.W. 22/9/94, is quoted, a FREE GIFT will be enclosed—a very fashionable LEATHER PURSE, with handsome nickel mounts and fastener, with compartments.

GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD REMEMBER

You are Richer by saving rather than by spending.

ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE!

LOOK TO YOUR EXPENSES!

The times demand it.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

PRICE 2/- GIGANTIC SALE OF THE "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD PRICE 2/-

HEARTHRUGS (REGISTERED,)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6 ft. long and 3 ft. wide. These HEARTHRUGS have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered new designs, and considered works of art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, including undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL SALE OFFER.—THREE FOR 5/9, SIX FOR 11/3, TWELVE FOR 22/-.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs (Registered) are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, April 14th. Elizabeth Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham writes, further requesting Mr. Hodgson to "send her six more of the 'Queen Royal' Household Hearthrugs at 13s. 6d., as soon as possible; those received she is very much pleased with. Cheque inclosed."

Sunningdale, Berks, July 5th. Sir Frederick A. Millbank, Bart., writes:—"Please supply me with another 'Queen's Royal' Carpet 12 ft. by 21 ft., 49s. 3d., for a dining-room for my shooting residence at Barningham Park—similar terra-cotta and gold colours as supplied for my drawing-room last year."

Harewood Park, Ross, Herefordshire, March 1st. The Lady Vincent writes:—"I am pleased with the 'Queen's Royal' Carpet and Hearthrug. The second carpet has arrived. Lady Vincent will be glad to have a third Carpet, 12 ft. by 21 ft., 49s. 3d., with two Hearthrugs to match, also a 6 ft. by 9 ft. Carpet, 11s. 9d., to be sent without delay. Cheque inclosed."

Black Mount, Tyndrum, N.B., Nov. 24. Lord Breadalbane writes:—"Will feel obliged by Mr. Hodgson sending to above address two more of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9½ ft. by 10 ft. Cheque [illegible] inclosed."

TRADE MARK ON ALL GOODS. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

GIGANTIC SALE OF "QUEEN'S ROYAL" HOUSEHOLD REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERN

CARPETS (Regd.)

Admittedly the Cheapest in the World. Woven without Seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of Testimonials and repeat orders received, including the undermentioned, giving the highest satisfaction.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs (Registered) are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

[illegible] ft. by [illegible] ft., Reduced price	9/6	9 ft. by 10½ ft., Reduced Price	15/6	12 ft. by 12 ft., Reduced price	22/6	12 ft. by 15 ft., Reduced Price	28/6
[illegible] „ [illegible] „	11/6	9 „ 12 „	17/6	9 „ 15 „	21/6	12 „ 18 „	33/6
[illegible] „ 12 „	12/6	9 „ 13½ „	19/6	12 „ 13½ „	25/6	12 „ 21 „	38/6
[illegible] „ 9 „	13/6	10½ „ 12 „	20/6				

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Rooms, and any particular colour preferred. The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in the middle of the room, the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with beeswax, according to the French fashion. The "Queen's Royal" Carpets are very [illegible] subdued, and WOVEN all in one piece, made in rich Turkey patterns, in artistic designs, with handsome borders to correspond. They will wear better than any Tapestry or Felt Carpets, and can be thoroughly recommended as economical floor coverings. They have the largest sale in the world. These Squares never fail to give the greatest satisfaction.

Pr. Louis of Battenberg
H.R.H. Prince K. Bigit, Siam
Marquis of Breadalbane
Marquise de Biddle Cope
Lord Farnham
Lord Henry Fitzgerald
Lord Lee
Sir Henry de Bathe
Sir Henry Bellingham
Sir E. H. Blair, Bart.
Sir L. Lacon
Sir R. Cayley
Sir Samuel Hayes
Sir Charles S. King, Bart.
Sir F. Pollock
Sir Walter Simpson
Sir Howard Grubb
Sir H. V. Gidd
The Knight of Clin

Clonhugh, Multyfarnham, January 1st, 1894. Lord Greville writes: "I consider the 'Queen's Royal' Hearthrugs received are splendid value for the money. His Lordship would like three more sent for 7s., cheque inclosed."

Countess of Haddington
Countess of Aberdeen
Countess of Lichfield
Countess Kearney
Countess Cowley
Countess Lintzow
Countess of Westmeath
Countess of Mayo
Viscountess Torrington
Viscountess Molesworth
Viscountess of Hereford
Viscountess Halifax
Viscountess of Trafalgar
Baroness de Linden
Baroness de Ponmeyrie
Baroness de Rottenburg
Dow. Lady Abercromby
Dow. Lady Aylesford
R. H'n. Lady Martin Keane
Lady Phillimore

Forty Hill House, Enfield, N., Dec. 4th. "Mrs. Jessop writes, acknowledging receipt of the 'Queen's Royal' Carpets and Hearthrugs, with which she is much pleased. Those she had from Mr. Hodgson four years ago have been most satisfactory in wear."

Archbishop of York
Very Rev. Dean Ferguson
Bishop of Capetown
Dean of Killaloe
Dean of Bangor
Dean Carrington
Ven. Archd'n of Kilmore
Ven. Archdeacon Wright
Archdeacon of Aghadoe
Archdeacon Long
Archd'n of Dromore, D.D.
Archdeacon of Ossory
Archdeacon of Wolseley
Archdeacon Bruce
Archdeacon Rawstorne
Very Rev. Canon Columb
Rev. Canon Dodd
Rev. Canon Macdonald
Hon. & Rev. T. Markham
Rev. Canon Henderson

Ford Castle, Cornhill, Northumberland, May 14th. "Dear Sir,—The 'Queen's Royal' Carpet received, which her ladyship likes very much.—Yours truly, Thomas Shannon, pro Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford."

Princess de Croy
Dow.-Mar. Londonderry
Dow.-March'ss Do[illegible]
Duchess of Welling[illegible]
Duchess of Richm[illegible]
Marchioness Bro[illegible]
Marchioness of H[illegible]
Marchioness of D[illegible]
Marchioness of B[illegible]
C'nt'ss Dow. L[illegible]
Countess Dow. of M[illegible]
Dow. Countess [illegible]
Dow. Countess [illegible]
Countess of Ash[illegible]
Countess of Mar[illegible]
Countess of Effi[illegible]
Countess of Fer[illegible]
Countess Lanes[illegible]
Countess of Cra[illegible]
Countess of Yar[illegible]

Extraordinary Reductions! Extraordinary Reductions!!

HODGSON v. WEBB BROS.—On the 18th day of July, Mr. Justice Chitty, sitting in the High Court of Justice, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Frederick Hodgson's (of Leeds) Trade Mark "Eclipse," No. 33,774.

REDUCED SALE PRICE, **3/6** EACH.

100,000 "ECLIPSE" CARPETS (REGD.)

TO YOUR HOME. IN 20 PATTERNS.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

This gigantic offer is a special contract made to readers of *Pearson's Weekly* only. We will forward direct from the looms to any address, on receipt of amount,

A GENUINE WOVEN SEAMLESS REVERSIBLE CARPET,

The largest ever sold at the price, suitable for sitting-room or bedroom, bordered and woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profits. Remember, these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost double above prices. **A RUG SENT WITH CARPET, 1/- EXTRA.**

SPECIAL OFFER. 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 8s., or 4 Carpets and 4 Rugs, 15s. 6d.; or 8 Carpets and 8 Rugs for 30s. Value unequalled in the annals of advertising. As a favour, kindly examine and compare these Carpets.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Do not miss this opportunity, it may Not Occur Again.

REDUCED SALE PRICE, **3/6** EACH.

"We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously low sum."—EXCHANGE AND MART. "Wonderful value for money."—CHURCH BELLS. Hundreds of press notices from the "Christian Globe," "Christian World," "Christian Age," "Rock," "Catholic Times," &c., &c.

Portman Square, London, W., 23rd November. Lady Juliana Walker writes:—"I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs sent last week. Would Mr. Hodgson send twelve more of them? Cheque inclosed."

9th February, 1894. Lady Prevost writes:—"Enclosing P.O. for 4s. 9d., and will be obliged if Mr. Hodgson will send another of the 'Eclipse' Carpets at earliest. Cheque inclosed."

St. Katherine's, Regent Park, London, N.W. January 10th, 1894. Lady Anna Loftus writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets supplied her by Mr. Hodgson she is very pleased with."

Ballyshannon, Ireland, 29th September. M. Peasgood, Esq., writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpet you sent me is a marvellously cheap article, and shall be obliged by having a 'Queen's Royal,' rich Turkey pattern, sent, 9ft. by 12ft., price 22s. 9d., for which I inclose amount."

Sheffield House, Botley, 13th January. Lady Phillimore writes:—"I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Eclipse' Carpets, and am much pleased with them."

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, 24th September. The Countess Elizabeth of Winchilsea and Nottingham writes requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her "two more of the 'Eclipse' Carpets and two Rugs to match. Cheque 10s. 6d. inclosed."

Falcon House, Barmouth, 1[illegible]. "Lady Burrard begs to inform Mr. F. H[illegible] the 'Eclipse' Carpets and rugs arrived [illegible] have given the greatest satisfaction. Her[illegible] certainly recommend them to her friends."

Clematis House, Carlingford, 30th [illegible]. "Lady Hey of Park is much ple[illegible] 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs sent by Mr. [illegible] her order, and will recommend them."

WE RELY UPON SPONTANEOUS REPEAT ORDERS FROM OUR CLIENTS FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF OUR TRADE. ESTABLISHED NEARLY QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

ALL ORDERS DESPATCHED SAME DAY IN ROTATION AS THEY ARRIVE BY POST.

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